THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE and SPIRIT,

For MAY, 1797.

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Embellished with an engraved Portrait of Mr. ROBERT JONES, Practical Farrier, of the Curtain-Road, Finsbury-Square, and an Etching by Mr. Howit, of Deer Fighting.

LONDON:

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Little B. has miſtaken our meaning in the notification of laſt Month; of courſe the admiſſion of his favour would be greater cauſe of *concern* than *pleaſure* to us, however flattering the language of his Epiſtle.

W. M. of Liverpool, has unprofitably given himſelf a good deal of trouble, and put us to a little expence, not we confeſs from deſign, but an error in judgment. He wiſhed to ſee a Print of Lord Groſvenor's horſe Bandy in our Magazine. We anſwered him, "If you have a drawing of the Horſe, ſend it, and we will get an Engraving executed from it." When forſooth, inſtead of a *Drawing*, up comes from Liverpool, by the Mail-Coach, with Three Shillings carriage on it, a *Mezzotinto Print*, which, however indifferent, cannot be copied without rendering ourſelves liable to a proſecution, under the Act for protecting the Copy-Rights of Prints.——The Print ſhall be returned to W. M.'s order, with the hope that he will *hit off* better next time.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For MAY, 1797.

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To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

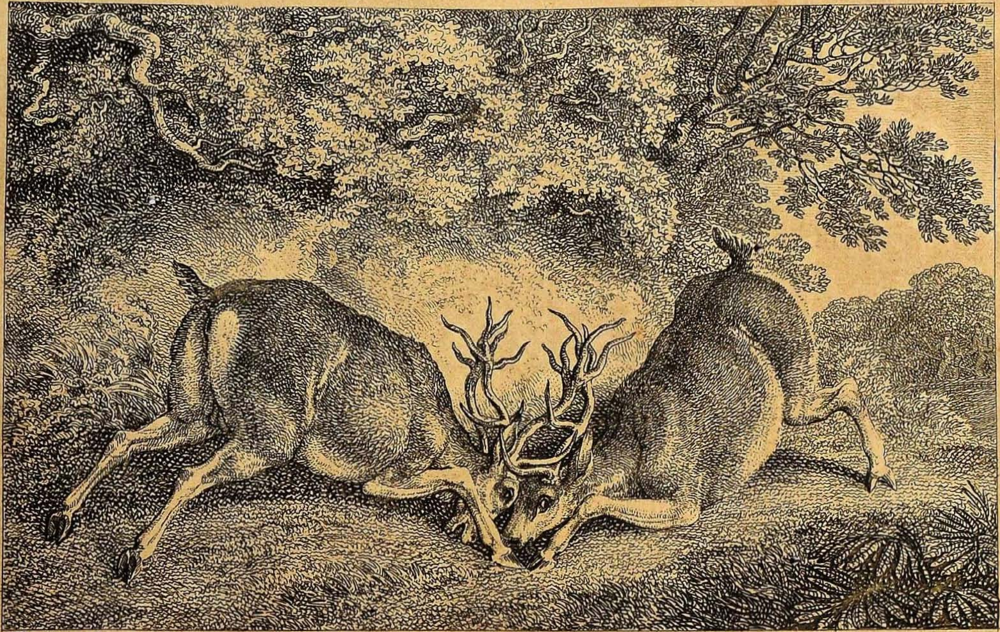
GENTLEMEN, *Windſor, May* 5.

BY inſerting the following accidental chace, part of which I was an eye-witneſs to, you will much oblige your humble ſervant,

A SUBSCRIBER.

A greyhound belonging to Mr. F. Paine, of Clewer, being with that gentleman a few days ago, a hare croſſed the road on Clewer Green. The dog immediately purſued her to Clewer-Court farm, and, going through the yard of Mr. Saunders, made a double, and came back by General Harcourt's lodge, through the foreſt for Winkfield Plain, and croſſing the plain for Mr. Batſon's copſe, there the hare and dog were both found; the hare quite dead run, and the dog ſo exhauſted, as to be obliged to be carried from the ſpot. The diſtance from where the dog firſt ſtarted, is at leaſt four miles and a half; and, what is remarkable, the ſame dog has run eleven brace of hares this ſeaſon ſingly, and killed every one; that gentleman never allowing but one of his dogs to run at one time. He is allowed to be one of the beſt ſportſmen in this country, himſelf ſeldom or ever miſſing a ſhot, or his dogs an hare.

Inſtance



Howitt i et f.

DEER FIGHTING.

Published June 1-1797, by J. Wheble, Warwick Court.

Instance of the FEROCITY *of the* STAG, *with a beautiful* ETCHING *of* DEER-FIGHTING.

THE Etching we give this Month represents a battle between two Stags. In the Rutting time of the year, 1781, a gentleman riding over Hainault forest, saw two deers fighting with more than ordinary inveteracy, and after watching them a long time, and perceiving that they several times gored each other in a dreadful manner, and still obstinately maintained the combat without deigning to take the least notice of him, though he had made all the noise he could, and rode as near to them as he durst, he went to the keeper of the walk, and returning with him and his men to the field of battle, these desperate antagonists (bleeding and faint with rage and toil) were, with the greatest difficulty, parted by dint of whips and staves, after an engagement of at least two hours.

MAIL-COACH ESTABLISHMENT.

AS Mr. Palmer's claims upon Government, for his improvement in the Post-Office revenue by the Mail-Coach establishment, is now before Parliament, we shall endeavour to show the nature of the dispute between the Lords of the Treasury and Mr. Palmer, respecting a compensation for his services, and the cause of his appeal to Parliament for redress.

By a variety of documents which Mr. Palmer has published, it appears that he was to receive 2l. 10s. per cent. on the whole future increase of the Post-Office revenue during his life; or in plain language, for every *forty shillings* gained by his plan, he was to have *one shilling* for himself. He was likewise to have a salary of 1500l. a year. The salary, however, was somewhat unaccountably increased to 3000l. per annum; but not without the jealousy of the Post-masters-General working the suspension of Mr. Palmer from his office, and the Lords of the Treasury, with scarce the appearance of justice, changing the original terms of compensation from what it was, to what is stated in the following Letter:

Answer to the Memorial of Mr. John Palmer, signed Dec. 4, 1794.

"SIR, *25th August*, 1795.

"Having laid before the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury your Memorial, dated the 4th of December last, stating, that, by a Warrant of this Board of the 2d of July, 1789, you was appointed Surveyor and Comptroller-General of the Mails throughout Great-Britain, with a salary of 1500l. per annum, and 2l. 10s. per cent. on the Net Post-Office Revenue beyond 240,000l. a year, which you have duly received to the 5th of April, 1793; and praying that their Lordships would grant a Warrant for the percentage and salary to the 5th of April 1794, deducting the sum of 3000l. received by you subsequent to the 5th of April, 1793, pursuant to an Order of his Majesty's Privy Council; I am commanded by their Lordships to acquaint you, that they are of opinion, the sum of 3000l. per annum, for your life, is a just and full compensation for the services you have rendered, and do not think themselves justified, on the part of the Public, to make any addition to that allowance. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

CHARLES LONG."

John Palmer, Esq.

Mr.

Mr. Palmer being dissatisfied (as well he might be), took the separate and joint opinions of Messrs. Mansfield, Erskine, and Gibbs, how to proceed to obtain redress. The joint opinions of those able Counsel are as under:

Your opinion is desired,

Whether, under the circumstances mentioned in this Memorial, Mr. Palmer is not entitled to a continuance of his specified compensation from Government for his past services? and, as no fraud or negligence in the discharge of the duties of his office can be imputed to Mr. Palmer, if the agreement in question had been made with an individual, would not a Court of Equity have decreed him a specific performance of it? and, as the Lords of the Treasury think they are not justified on the part of the Public, in granting the claim in question, will not an application to Parliament be proper, for the purpose of obtaining the decision of the Public on this subject? or, what other measure should be pursued, in order that Mr. Palmer's claims, and conduct, may be fully investigated?

OPINION.

WE think, that, under the circumstances stated in this Memorial, Mr. Palmer having been guilty of no fraud or negligence in the discharge of the duties of his office, is entitled to a continuance of that compensation from Government, which was specified in the original agreement. If such an agreement had been made with an individual, a Court of Equity would have decreed a specific performance of it, or an action might have been brought for a breach of it. In the present case, there is no one against whom a bill for that purpose can be filed, or an action brought. Mr. Palmer, therefore, has no remedy but by an application to Parliament; and as the Lords of the Treasury have rejected the claim, upon the grounds that they think themselves not justified on the part of the Public in granting it, such an application appears to us adviseable, because, if Parliament should think his claim well founded, the objection raised by the Lords of the Treasury will be removed.

J. MANSFIELD.

T. ERSKINE.

V. GIBBS.

Mr. Palmer having, as we have already observed, applied to Parliament for relief, agreeable to the foregoing opinion, we shall here state the proceedings of the House of Commons, as far as it is gone, to the period of writing this article (May 26.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tuesday, May 16.

Sir G. Langton moved for leave to bring up a petition from Mr. Palmer, Surveyor-General of the Post-Office, setting forth a variety of grievances, and praying the interference of the House in his behalf.

The Speaker informed the House, that no petition for the payment of public money could be received without a previous recommendation from the Crown.

Mr. Pitt said, from what he had collected respecting the petitioner's case, it certainly was of a nature not to warrant him in giving his Majesty's recommendation; at the same time he wished it to be understood that he had no desire to preclude future investigation.

Mr.

Mr. Sheridan admitted, that the Chancellor had ſtated his objection with great candour and propriety, but he hoped that an inveſtigation of the petitioner's allegations would take place as ſoon as poſſible; and, in order to put the buſineſs in train, he ſhould move for the production of the warrant of Mr. Palmer's appointment to the office of Comptroller of the Poſt-Office. This motion was agreed to, and that for the bringing up of the petition withdrawn.

Tueſday, May 23.

Mr. Sheridan referring to Mr. Palmer's warrant of appointment as Comptroller of the Poſt-Office, which lay on the table of the Houſe, ſaid, that he ſhould be the laſt man to vote the diſpoſal of the public money, without an equivalent of public ſervice; but, in this caſe, the ſervices were known, and admitted. He ſhould therefore move, that it be referred to an open Committee, to conſider of the agreement entered into with Mr. Palmer, reſpecting the increaſe of revenue accruing from his plan to the Poſt-Office; and that the Committee ſhould report their opinion to the Houſe.

Mr. Pitt obſerved, that the words of the motion ſeemed only to refer to the original agreement, and not to any of the circumſtances which had ſince occurred.

Mr. Sheridan wiſhed the whole of the buſineſs to be ſubmitted to the Committee.

The motion was then agreed to, and a Committee named, with full powers for the purpoſe.

The Members named were Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Smith, Lord Hawkeſbury, Mr. Pollen, Mr. Jekyl, Mr. Percival, Mr. W. Bootle, and Lord Belgrave. It was underſtood at the ſame time, that all the Members chooſing to attend ſhould have voices.

We ſhall conclude this article by obſerving, that Mr. Palmer, during the whole period of his being engaged in the arduous taſk he had undertaken, had to contend with ignorant Lordly Poſtmaſters-General; the Secretary Todd, and every Jack in the Office that could throw any impediment in his way. Mr. Palmer's ſituation being held partly independent of the Poſtmaſters General, their Lordſhips, in ſucceſſion, as they came into office, joined in the yell to hunt Mr. Palmer from it; and after all, what have they done? and what their motives for driving Mr. Palmer from the office?—Let a paragraph from Mr. Palmer's pamphlet explain.

" Since my ſuſpenſion, their Lordſhips have taken the Officers patroniſed and formed by me, and who were in the general conduct of my plan under me, and advanced their ſalaries, though ſome of them, previous to this event, had been particularly diſcountenanced by them, and could get neither ſalary nor arrears for valuable ſervices. To ſupport my plan with any tolerable regularity, the Poſtmaſters-General have been obliged to give to theſe perſons *powers which they had diſputed and denied to me*, and every poſſible encouragement to their exertions of every kind, with a moſt profuſe and ill-judged expenditure to obtain every required accommodation; yet the arrivals and deliveries have not been better in London, in the Country much worſe, and particularly at Bath and Briſtol, as well as other parts of the Kingdom, ſo much ſo, as to excite great complaints and diſſatisfaction, though had I not been ſo

wantonly

wantonly interfered with, delays would not occur a dozen times in the year, instead of, as now, nearly through the whole winter."

FUGITIVE ARTICLES.

OUR readers have already been reminded, that it is the practice in printing Magazines, to put the *first* half-sheet to press after all the rest are printed; hence a few temporary articles are introduced in the *prior* part of our miscellany, though received *last*, and which accounts for the following appearing in this place, instead of being arranged under the head of Sporting Intelligence.

FATAL DUEL.

On Tuesday morning, May 23, at half past five, Mr. Wm. Henry Cowan, assistant surgeon of the 11th regiment of foot, and Lieut. John Elliott, of the 22d regiment, in Colchester barracks, accompanied by their seconds, met on Lexden Heath, to settle an affair of honour which originated at the billiard-table at Colchester. It was agreed by the seconds that they should fire together, when Lieut. Elliott's fire wounded Mr. C. in the leg: the second fire, Mr. C. shot Lieut. E. through the upper part of the head, in consequence of which he died on Wednesday morning at four o'clock. Mr. C. and the seconds immediately absconded.

On the Wednesday and Thursday following, an inquisition was taken before Mr. William Mason, jun. and Mr. Thomas Hedge, coroners for the borough of Colchester, on the body of the above-named Lieut. John Elliott; when the jurors verdict was Wilful Murder, as well against the said W. H. Cowan, the principal, as also against Francis Thomas Small Macclean, Lieutenant of the 11th regiment, his second, and Peter Campbell, Lieutenant of the 22d regiment, Mr. Elliott's second.

FOX HOUNDS.

Sir Charles Davers has put off his favourite pack, which used to hunt the St. Edmund's Bury country with so much *éclat*; and Sir W. Rowley's crack Fox hounds, which he purchased of the Duke of York, and showed so much sport in the Melford country, have been recently brought to the hammer.

A game of quoits was played last week by two persons, for no less a stake than the *leg* of the one against the *arm* of the other; but there was nothing very sanguinary in the case, as they were wooden ones.—The contest ended in the loss of the leg.

In a small-yew tree in the garden of Mr. Samuel Warburton, of Sheffield, a wren, a linnet, and a blackbird, have built their respective nests. The little musical tenants of the tree live in perfect harmony together, and, according to the fashion of the times, pay their rent to Mr. Warburton in *notes*.

Mr. M———le's account, which has been laid before his sportive creditors, is a *minus* one, to the tune of 200,000l.!

A TREA-

A TREATISE *on* FARRIERY, *with* ANATOMICAL PLATES.

(*Continued from page* 363).

OF WINDGALLS AND WINDY TUMOURS.

A Windgall is a flatulent or windy tumour, which yields to the finger, being preſſed, and when it is removed, returns to itſelf. They are known by the riſings of the ſkin, and are plain to be ſeen.

Windgalls on the hind legs never cauſe lameneſs, but only a ſtiffneſs after riding. Thoſe on the fore legs render a horſe lame at firſt, which turns to a ſtiffneſs, attended with ſtumbling, or a diſpoſition to ſtumble. But a day's reſt will ſet them to rights again. Windgalls on the ſinuoſities of the hocks are always troubleſome, cauſe a deformity, and, unleſs taken in time, will render a horſe incurably lame. They are but ſmall at firſt, but at length grow as large as a pullet's egg, and puſh out on each ſide the hollow of the hock: flatulent ſwellings above the knee, always cauſe lameneſs. When under the fore part of the knee, in the interſtices on both ſides of the joint, they are dangerous.

Windy ſwellings in the interſtices of the muſcles of the hips and thighs, though blown up like little bladders, ſeldom cauſe lameneſs, and are eaſily cured. Windgalls that proceed from a natural weakneſs of the limbs are incurable, unleſs the conſtitution alters for the better.

When horſes ſwell about the paſterns, with a fullneſs on each ſide the back ſinews, we may conclude that windgalls are coming on; and then bathe the part twice a day with vinegar. Likewiſe the following fomentation may be uſed:

Take of oak-bark an ounce; of pomegranate rind half an ounce; of the water of a ſmith's forge three pints; boil them to two pints, and then add two drachms of roch alum. Soak flannel in this decoction, and bind it about the part while the horſe ſtands in the ſtable.

When the windgalls are grown large, and feel like kernels, or relaxed ſinews, and are on the hind legs, the beſt way is not to meddle with them, for a travelling-horſe will never grow lame with them. But when they are ſeated on the fore legs, and make a horſe trip and ſtumble, the cure may be attempted by mild bliſters, which, by often repeating, will draw out the humour, diſperſe the wind, and remove them by degrees. This always takes off a windgall about the fetlocks, and often the windy ſwelling about the hocks; but then it has been often repeated, at ſuch times as a working-horſe has been at reſt from his labour: a little of the bliſtering ointment ſhould be laid on every other day for a week, which will cauſe a plentiful diſcharge; and when the bliſters are dried up, the horſe may go to his uſual work, for three weeks or a month, and then repeated when the owner can allow him leiſure. Firing is the moſt expeditious way; but then, it never makes a perfect cure, and leaves a ſtiffneſs on the joint; however, it ſtops the increaſe of the ſwelling, and renders a horſe more uſeful. The bliſtering ointment ſhould be the ſame as is recommended in the blood-ſpavin.

Puffs and windy ſwellings about the joint of the knee, which proceed from kicks or other external hurts, are beſt repelled by aſtringents, ſuch as the ſtrengthening fomentation, on decoction beforementioned; where, inſtead of the ſmith's-forge water, it may be boiled in vinegar; but I know not whether it will be better or not.

If this will not do, then blifter; for they fhould be removed as foon as poffible: but firing with a fmall iron is the fpeedieft way, making the lines as near together as poffible. Then cover the knee with the ftrengthening plaifter, as before mentioned.

Windy fwellings between the interftices of the mufcles of the hips, are to be cured by an incifion, and then bring the wound to a fuppuration; or wafh the place with equal parts of white wine and vinegar; for when the humours are difcharged, the wound will foon heal. Thefe tumours are not dangerous, and will often yield to repellents; therefore they may be tried firft.

OF THE BLOOD-SPAVIN.

A Blood-fpavin is properly a *varix*, or dilation of a vein. It is a foft, unequal, knotty, indolent tumour, yielding to the touch, and runs along the infide of the hock. The moft remarkable part of the fwelling is no bigger than a large walnut, and is generally attended with a weaknefs and lamenefs of the hock.

This difeafe, when recent, may be cured by remedies that are cooling, aftringing, and drying, in which compreffes may be dipped and bound on the part, or flannel foaked in the fame, and bound on it hot. This muft be repeated feveral times a day.

Take of oak bark two ounces; pomegranate rind and roch alum, of each an ounce; boil them in two quarts of vinegar, or fmith's-forge water, to three pints.

When this method is ineffectual, the vein muft be taken up by opening the fkin the whole length, and then paffing a crooked needle underneath the vein, a little way below the fwelling; the needle muft be armed with a double thread waxed to tie up the vein. The fame operation muft be performed a little above the fwelling, and the turgid part of the vein will come off by digeftion, when the ligature rots off. The fore fhould be dreffed with a digeftive of turpentine, honey, and fpirit of wine, which is fofter and better than oil of turpentine. When it is well, the horfe fhould be ufed very gently, till he recovers his ftrength.

When, befides the blood-fpavin there are puffs and flatulencies in the hocks, in young horfes they will give way to the above fomentation; but when they are obftinate, the veins muft be taken up as before, and the puffs cured by bliftering and firing, as has been before taught.

OF WENS OR ENCYSTED TUMOURS.

Wens may arife in any part of a horfe's body, and are always contained in a *Cyftis* or *Bag*, which advances by very flow degrees, and the bag increafes in thicknefs as the wen in bulk. In men they have different appellations, according to the humour or matter they contain; but in horfes this diftinction is needlefs, becaufe they do not require a different method of cure.

When the wen has a fmall root, and is pendulous, the beft way is to tie a waxed packthread round it, which muft be made tight by degrees, till the wen falls off. Afterwards it may be healed with a mixture of turpentine, honey, and fpirit of wine. When the wen is broad, and tied down with feveral cords and ftrings, the beft way is not to meddle with it. But if the wen is free from thefe, and is thought curable, it muft be either cut out or opened

opened with a caustic. This done, it must be dressed with dry tow, and afterwards with the common digestive. If proud flesh arises, it must be dressed with turpentine and red precipitate, in the proportion of an ounce of the former, to a drachm of the latter. When the proud flesh is very rebellious, you may strew the precipitate over it alone, or mixed with burnt alum, in equal quantities. If the ulcer is cancerous, it may be touched with a feather, dipped in the butter of antimony.

Horses have sometimes tumours on the heel or hock, which come to a considerable bulk, but are seldom painful, unless inflamed or suppurate. These differ little from encysted wens, and have much the same contents; some call these *bog-spavins*. Those on the elbow or heel of the hock are seldom cured without leaving a blemish or callosity. If they are discovered at first, the best way of curing them is by repellents; but when the vessels are broken, and the fluids extravasated, they may be brought to suppuration by ointment of marshmallows; but if the skin is thick, they may be opened with a knife, on the most depending part. The same caution should be observed, with regard to tumours on the processes of any of the bones, especially on the joints.

When the matter contained in these tumours is all discharged, the abscesses must be dried with soft dossils, dipped in a mixture of turpentine, honey, and tincture of myrrh; and then there remains nothing to do but to bathe the part once a day, with equal parts of wine and vinegar, with an eighth part of oil of vitriol, dropped into it very leisurely.

These sorts of swellings on the hocks often contain a thick paste, and sometimes a thin clammy water, which Dr. Bracken takes to be the synovia of the joints, and has given it the name of the *bog-spavin* before mentioned. He cured a colt of his own, by opening the tumour with an incision-knife or scalpel; first separating the skin from the tumour, taking care to avoid any vein as much as possible; then he opened the cyst, and a large quantity of brown glairy matter ran out. Afterwards he put in a powder made with calcined Roman vitriol, one third part of burnt alum, and a little bole armoniac mixed together. This consumed the cyst or bag in three or four days, by repeating it three or four times, and brought it away in sloughs or skins. The wound was healed with a warm digestive of ointment, with turpentine, honey, &c. But this was not brought about with a swelling of the joints, which was forwarded with warm fomentations, with flannel squeezed out from a decoction of rosemary, wormwood, savin, pennyroyal, thyme, juniper, and bayberries bruised. This brought down the swelling and the wound to a good condition.

OF WOUNDS.

A wound is a solution of continuity made in a soft part by any external cause. All instruments, or any thing else that is capable of making a division in any such part, may be the cause of a wound.

Some things may do it by pricking, others by cutting, others by bruising, others by tearing, and others again by burning. Those instruments that thus divide any part, will make wounds of different kinds, with respect to their size, figure, and direction. There are many other distinctions, of which the eye is the best judge; and therefore I shall omit them all as superfluous.

A simple wound made in the soft

soft parts, requires nothing but its re-union. A compound wound is attended with some accident, which requires a different treatment; as suppose a hurt of the bone. A wound may be attended with an hæmorrhage, pain, inflammations, a fever, convulsions, &c.

Pain may be caused by the imperfect division of the tendonous, nervous, and membranous parts by a foreign body left in the wound, and by the falling of some humour on a membranous part. An hæmorrhage may proceed from the opening of a large vein or artery, and is of a bad consequence, when it is seated in a part that no application can reach. Convulsions may be caused by hurts of the nervous parts, and from the dividing of an antagonist muscle. It may also proceed from a great loss of blood. A palsy may proceed from the division of the nerve belonging to any particular part, or from the cutting in two of a muscle or its tendon. An inflammation may be produced by any thing that hinders the free circulation of the blood in the small vessels. This in wounds may have several causes.

A fever is the constant attendan of violent pain, and may also happen when the wound is about to suppurate.

By the sight we may discover the external greatness of a wound, and the loss of substance; and by the finger or a probe, we may discover the direction; we may judge of the extent of a wound, by the hurt of the action of any part; and sometimes from the excrements that proceed from the wound.

The prognostics of wounds may be taken from their cause, their situation, and their essential difference. Those of the teguments and fleshy parts, are less troublesome than those of the membranous, aponeurotic and nervous parts; as for instance, the joints. Wounds of the external parts are less dangerous than those of the internal Those of the principal trunks o the vessels, than those of the branches, where the hærmorrhage may be readily stopped. Wounds in the internal parts are very dangerous.

Slight wounds are of the skin, fat, and muscles, for they require nothing but their re-union. Grievous wounds are those of the membranes, aponeuroses and tendons, particularly the joints, as before taken notice of. Mortal wounds are those of the vessels and internal parts: wounds of the heart are almost always mortal: wounds of the lungs are sometimes curable.

Wounds made with a cutting instrument, are not so bad as those with a small sword. Those made with a blunt weapon, are worse than either of the former. When a wound in the head is attended with convulsions or the staggers, it shows the brain is hurt; or, if the skull is fractured, and any part of it depressed, the same symptoms will happen; both which cases are commonly mortal.

Wounds have four stages: the *first* is while it bleeds; the *second* is while it is suppurating; the *third* is while the flesh is growing again; and the *fourth* is the time it takes in healing.

The *first* stage is when the lips of the wound are open, and ge at a distance from each other, by their own proper elasticity; whence proceeds the hæmorrhage and pain; though gun-shot wounds seldom bleed. When the division is simple, and without loss of substance, we have nothing to do but stop the bleeding, ease the pain, and brings the lips of the wound together. Thus these have but one stage. Wounds with loss of substance may bleed for hours, unless prevented by a proper dressing; during the first five or six days, it grows

grows moist by little and little, and emits a reddish serum, which becomes more plentiful as it approaches the second stage. The approach of the suppuration is ushered in by feverish symptoms, which are proportioned to the largeness of the wound. The swelling will go down in proportion to the increase of the suppuration, and ceases entirely when this is quite finished. The remains of the divided vessels, and the stagnating juices, are the cause of the suppuration.

THE DANCERS SURPRIZED.

THE most famous public Dancing Assembly, or as it is vulgarly called, the genteelest *Hop* that ever was known in London, has existed for some years in rooms above Covent-Garden Piazza. To that place all the Cyprian Nymphs who did not meet with lovers in the Theatres, retired every night, where they generally met with bucks in abundance, such as Naval Officers, Captains in the Merchant Service, Military Officers, Shopmen, City Clerks, Strangers from the Country; all those who wished to *see the Town*, or who live in habits of dissipation, resorted to this place, where they paid half-a-crown admittance, and where the Ladies, who were admitted for nothing, endeavoured to captivate them by a display of their charms on the light fantastic toe.

But the danger of falling in love with one of those Nymphs was not the greatest danger which the male visitors of this place encountered. —There were various Gaming-tables in the house, where cards and dice were knocked about with as much spirit as heels were in the Grand Saloon.

Information being given against this nightly hop or dance, the Magistrates of the Police-Office in Queen's-square, Westminster, prepared to storm the place. About thirty Police Officers and Constables, armed with bludgeons, swords, pistols, &c. secretly proceeded to the Cyprian Temple, about twelve o'clock on Thursday night, April 27; but notwithstanding all their precaution, their project was divulged to the owner of the house a few minutes before they reached it, and he had just time to escape, leaving, however, his gay guests to encounter the storm.

There were assembled in the room about fifty nymphs, consisting entirely of those who nightly parade the box-lobbies of the Theatres: they were decked out in all the charms of gauze, red and yellow shoes, paint, pomatum, and powder; and most of them were dancing as merrily as if they had money in their pockets, and a second dress at home. The *gentlemen*, many of whom were young men really in respectable situations in life, were either frisking it to the right and left, or engaged in amorous dalliance on the benches; they amounted to about forty in number. This was the state of things when the Police-Officers rushed in, and the partners immediately *cast off*, put an end to the dance, and wished to retire; but no! drawn swords and pistols were placed across the door, and there was no moving off. The ladies, very few of whom had paid the powder-tax, were alarmed that they were to be seized for wearing white heads contrary to law. Numbers of them hid themselves behind the window-curtains, and a general combing of heads took place, till they were out of the pale of the statute; for certainly it could not be said that they wore hair-

hair-powder "as an article of *drefs.*" At laft the object of the Officers of Juftice was made fufficiently known to the company, who were told that they were in a diforderly houfe, and muft remain in cuftody all night, and go before a magiftrate in the morning to give an account of themfelves.

In a fhort time a very great mob affembled at the door in the Piazza; and as there could be but little doubt that it chiefly confifted of the friends of the unfortunate damfels, it was thought unfafe to remove them, as there could be little doubt a refcue would be attempted, The whole company were then told they would be confined in the place where they were all night; and a Sea-Officer fent out for fupper and wine, and treated all the ladies. About four o'clock in the morning it was announced that they muft be removed to the Police Office in Queen's fquare. Here the grief of the ladies was extreme! Two thirds of them were deftitute of a farthing to pay coach-hire; and to fpoil their fine coloured fhoes, and walk through the ftreets in all their finery and full drefs, was a thought that wrung them to the foul! But the Sea-Officer confoled them in this dilemma by promifing to pay the coach-hire of all of them, which he did, to the amount of thirty-fix fhillings Eighteen coaches being procured, every one of them was filled, and onwards they moved in flow and folemn pace, each with a conftable behind, and one walking on each fide with a drawn fword. They were all fafely lodged in the Police Office in Queen's-fquare, the ladies being put in the firft floor, and the gentlemen in the floor above them.

The morning, between nine and ten o'clock, prefented a very extraordinary fcene at Queen's-fquare. The ladies, very much in difhabille, and making a very forlorn appearance, were looking out of the windows for their bail, and for their maids to bring modeft dreffes to go before "*his Vorfhip.*" The ftreet was crowded with fpectators, highly amufed at the fight, and with the friends of the parties, to bail and affift them. The place refembled a fair. The Nymphs' maids were to fling bundles of cloaths up to them at the windows, which very often the ladies could not catch, to the great fport of the bye-ftanders.

The Magiftrate came about eleven o'clock, and examined the ladies four at a time. They put on the demureft looks. Moft of them were difcharged, even without paying any fees, upon promife of never being found in fuch a place again. One lady fnapped her fingers at the Magiftrate, boafting that fhe had bail ready. She was committed for a month to Bridewell, and her bail availed her nothing. A few others were alfo committed; but the Magiftrate behaved with the greateft humanity. The ladies all vowed they would treat him, if ever he fell into their company.

The gentlemen, after being admonifhed by the Magiftrate to forbear reforting to fuch delufive fcenes in future, were all difcharged.

The foregoing particulars are collected from an article in one of the public prints; the original is interlarded with fulfome compliments to the Magiftrates in Queen's-fquare for their vigilance, and with ill-natured reflections on thofe of Bow-ftreet, for not enforcing the law againft houfes of the above defcription.

It is not for us to defend an inftitution as *good* which is undoubtedly *bad*, nor to fay the Queen's-fquare Magiftrates are not honourable men; but we know that the keepers

keepers of gaming-houſes, &c. ſuch as the one in queſtion, are under conſtant levies for contributions, by a ſet of informers and low attornies ten times more infamous than the gaming-houſe-keepers themſelves; their extortions are enormous; and when the ſupplies fail, then away they run to the Juſtices to lay informations.

One of the Proprietors of the houſe in which this dance was held, is named Searle, ſon or brother to Searle the boat-builder; and with all his faults, including the diſrepute of keeping a houſe for purpoſes ſo immoral, has nevertheleſs many good qualities, being known to have done acts of kindneſs and liberality out of number towards the diſtreſſed.

CRITIQUE *on the* TATLERS.

By Mr. Woodfall.

ON Saturday evening, April 29, a Comedy called THE TATLERS, from the pen of Dr Hoadley, the Author of *The Suſpicious Huſband*, was performed for the firſt time at Covent-Garden Theatre, the characters of which were as follows, and thus repreſented:

Sir Thomas Severn,	*Mr. Murray.*
Froward, -	*Mr. Munden.*
Allworthy, -	*Mr. Pope.*
Shatter, -	*Mr. Holman.*
Goodwill, -	*Mr. Middleton.*
Cobler, -	*Mr. Quick.*
Fanny, -	*Miſs Manſell.*
Madge, -	*Mrs. Davenport.*
Miſs Severn, -	*Miſs Chapman.*
Lady Nettleton, -	*Mrs. Mattocks.*

Such were the powers of Dr. Hoadley as a dramatiſt, and ſuch the natural eaſe and ſprightly turn of his dialogue, that although the manners of the times, and the language of the ſtage, are materially altered ſince he wrote, *The Tatlers* might very well paſs for a modern play, were it not that a few expreſſions, and an alluſion to the new ſtyle, prove that it was written between the years 1740 and 1750. The main part of the plot is evidently borrowed from, and in ſome ſcenes a cloſe tranſlation of Moliere's *L'Ecole des Femmes*, to which Wycherley was ſo much obliged for the fable and characters of his *Country Wife*. Probably when Dr. Hoadley wrote this play, he was prompted to it by finding that the improved morality of the Theatre, and its audiences, had baniſhed Wycherley's comedy from the ſtage, on account of the groſs conduct and converſation of the libertine Homer. Wycherley's play was certainly the more witty of the two, but it was at the ſame time the more immoral, and therefore the public were indebted to the late Mr. Lee for having given it back to repreſentation in a corrected, but greatly curtailed ſhape in 1765; and to Mr. Garrick for having reſtored it more at length, and with judicious alterations, under the new title of *The Country Girl* in 1766, to the excellence of her performance of Peggy, in which Comedy much of Mrs Jordan's celebrity may be fairly attributed. In the preſent piece, the main plot is relieved and enlivened by a well-directed ſatire at the folly of ſcandal: Lady Nettleton, an adept in that favourite exerciſe of wit and talents, being firſt mortified, and afterwards foiled by her own weapons. Her character is well drawn and coloured with ſkill, but ſcarcely ſufficiently ſtrong for the taſte of the preſent day, which, from having been firſt taught to reliſh extravagance, has been led into ſuch a fondneſs for the *outré*, that nothing but caricature can pleaſe its falſe appetite; therefore, although the whole of this play is good, and much of it excellent, both

both in regard to preservation of character, and the conduct of the business of the scene, we should have imagined it would not have pleased the public as well as a piece of modern patch-work, ornamented with the foil-stone of eccentricity, word-catching, pun, and play upon *double-entendre*, which may literally be termed stage-jewels of the day. Happily our opinion was reversed by the sentence of the audience, who, by their well-timed and judicious applause throughout the representation, proved that good sense and a true picture of life were welcome visitors, and old friends, for whom they had not lost a due degree of regard and estimation. The public are certainly much indebted to Mr. Holman, for having rescued this play from the moths and worms of the shelf on which it has so long rested; and as it is known that Dr. Hoadley left several other dramatic pieces behind him, we hope he may be able to do the memory of the Author and the Public the same favour, by preventing them from sinking into oblivion.

The characters were most of them extremely well acted, particularly Munden's, who, in Froward, gave an extraordinary proof of the versatility of his talents and his skill as a comedian, where real character is meant to be exhibited. Miss Mansell also deserves the highest praise for the natural simplicy with which she pourtrayed the untaught manners of an innocent rustic. She never played so well in any character in which she has heretofore been seen. Mr. Holman was extremely lively in Shatter, and extremely pleasant. Mr. Pope warmly and interestingly supported the pathetic part of Allworthy; and Mr. Murray, by his gentlemanly deportment and demeanour, rendered Sir Thomas Severn respectable and important. It is almost needless to say, that Mrs. Matrocks played Lady Nettleton ably; she is too good an actress to fail in doing justice to any character she undertakes. Quick at once proved his command of the inclinations of the audience to be pleased whenever he appears, and his own good-nature and friendly feeling towards Mr. Holman, "his fellow-student," by lending his comic powers to vivify old Trusty the Cobbler.

The Prologue, in good writing, from the pen of Mr. Taylor, judiciously prepared the audience and awakened their respect for the writing of the long-deceased author of the *Suspicious Husband*, which has for so many years contributed to the amusement of the modern frequenters of the Theatre, and their ancestors. The Epilogue was too long, but had some very pretty turns in it.

This Comedy of *The Tatlers* was so very favourably received by a crowded audience, that the Manager would neither do justice to himself, the fame of Dr. Hoadley, or the gratification of the public, if he did not preserve on the stage the valuable ornament which Mr. Holman has been the happy instrument of exhibiting to public inspection.

The CHACE, *a* POEM. *By William Somerville, Esq.*

(*Continued from page* 369.)

THE PREFACE.

THE old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recall to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past

paſt pleaſures, with a ſatisfaction almoſt equal to the firſt enjoyment. For thoſe ideas, to which any agreeable ſenſation is annexed, are eaſily excited; as leaving behind the moſt ſtrong and permanent impreſſions. The amuſements of our youth are the boaſt and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and ſuppoſed their heroes in the Elyſian Fields were fond of the very ſame diverſions they exerciſed on earth. Death itſelf could not wean them from the accuſtomed ſports and gaieties of life.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris:
Contendunt ludo, et fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.
Arma procul currusque virûm miratur inanes.
Stant terrâ defixæ haſtæ, paſſimque ſoluti
Per campos paſcuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos.
VIRG. Æneid. VI.

Part on the graſſy cirque their pliant limbs
In wreſtling exerciſe, or on the ſands
Struggling diſpute the prize. Part lead the ring,
Or ſwell the chorus with alternate lays.
The chief, their arms admires, their empty cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th'unharneſs'd ſteeds
Graze unreſtrain'd; horſes, and cars, and arms,
All the ſame fond deſires, and pleaſing cares,
Still haunt their ſhades, and after death ſurvive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and cenſorious part of mankind), if, at my leiſure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, ſome of thoſe chaces, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amuſement. The reſult of theſe rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which, if equally diverting to my readers as to myſelf, I ſhall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with ſo many deſcriptions and digreſſions in the Georgic manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am ſure they are very neceſſary to be well underſtood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble ſport in full perfection. In this at leaſt I may comfort myſelf, that I cannot treſpaſs upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other proſe-writers upon this ſubject.

It is moſt certain, that hunting was the exerciſe of the greateſt heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themſelves for war; and their exploits againſt wild beaſts were a prelude to their other victories. Xenophon ſays, that almoſt all the ancient heroes, Neſtor, Theſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were diſciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly ſerviceable to them in military diſcipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny obſerves, thoſe who were deſigned for great captains, were firſt taught *certare cum fugacibus feris curſu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis aſtu:* to conteſt with the ſwifteſt wild beaſts, in ſpeed; with the boldeſt, in ſtrength; with the moſt cunning, in craft and ſubtilty.—Plin. Panegyr. And the Roman emperors, in thoſe monuments they erected to tranſmit their actions to future ages, made no ſcruple to join the glories of the Chace to their moſt celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do juſtice to this heroic exerciſe. Beſide that of Oppian in Greek, we have ſeveral poems in Latin upon hunting. Gratius was contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this verſe.

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.
Lib. IV. Pont.

Gratius ſhall arm the huntſman for the chace. But of his works only ſome fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. Amongſt theſe Nemeſianus, who ſeems very much ſuperior to Gratius, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his firſt book is preſerved. We might indeed have expected to have ſeen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgic, ſince it is expreſsly part of his ſubject. But he has favoured us only with ten verſes; and what he ſays of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and maſtiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Moloſſum.
Geor. III.

The greyhound ſwift, and maſtiffs furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. *Paſce ſero pingui.* He has, it is true, touched upon the Chace in the fourth and ſeventh books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now, from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in theſe latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of purſuing wild beaſts by the ſcent only, with a regular and well-diſciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they muſt have paſſed for poachers amongſt our modern ſportſmen. The muſter-roll given us by Ovid, in his ſtory of Actæon, is of all ſorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the deſcription of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of the Pere de Montfaucon, taken from the Sepulchre of the Nafos, and the Arch of Conſtantine, has not the leaſt trace of the manner now in uſe.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs following by the ſcent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the noſe of one ſingle dog. This was as much as they knew of the *odoro canum vis.* Thus Nemeſianus ſays,

Odorato noſcunt veſtigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum ſecreta cubilia monſtrant.

They challenge on the mead the recent ſtains,
And trail the hare unto her ſecret form.

Oppian has a long deſcription of theſe dogs in his firſt book, from verſe 479 to 526. And here, though he ſeems to deſcribe the hunting of the hare by the ſcent through many turnings and windings, yet he really ſays no more than that one of thoſe hounds, which he calls ἰχνευτῆρες, finds out the game. For he follows the ſcent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has ſtarted her, he purſues her by ſight. I am indebted for theſe two laſt remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whoſe judgment in the *belles lettres* nobody diſputes, and whoſe approbation gave me the aſſurance to publiſh this poem.

Oppian alſo obſerves, that the beſt ſort of theſe finders were brought from Britain; this iſland having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the beſt breed of hounds, for perſons the beſt ſkilled in the art of hunting, and for horſes the moſt enduring to follow the chace. It is therefore ſtrange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this ſubject; which is, without doubt, very noble in itſelf, and very well adapted to receive the moſt beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this firſt, but imperfect, eſſay, will ſhow the world they have at leaſt ſome taſte for poetry.

The

The ancients esteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well skilled in human nature. *Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio.*

The gentlemen, who are fond of a jingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they be pleased to read over the short preface before the Paradise Lost, Mr. Smith's Poem in memory of his friend, Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's Letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may properly be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the critics will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself.

En age, segnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.
VIRG. Georg. III.

Hark! away!
Cast far behind the ling'ring cares of life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the gen'rous steed; the hunter's shouts,
And cheering cries, assenting woods return.

(*To be continued.*)

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A PARSIMONIOUS CHARACTER.

THERE is at this time living, somewhere in the north, a widow lady, in the *bloom of age*, possessed of a fortune of 400l. a year; but of so extraordinary a turn of mind, that she scarcely allows herself and servant girl even the common necessaries of life. During the whole winter season, she has not consumed in her house a candle and an half; and since Martlemas, her tea-kettle has not been once upon the fire. *Alas! for the taxes!* She kept till lately a cow which she has fed during the winter; but all the time regularly *milked* her; and though in a neighbourhood where the poor were greatly distressed through want of milk, she would not *sell* a pennyworth, lest the people, by coming to her house, should be *tempted* to break her hedges on their return. *Alas! for charity!* From the milk, therefore, which spared from supplying herself and servant, she has made *ten* cheeses since Christmas; and frequently kept her milk eleven days. In order to prevent the miller (*she says*) from *imposing* upon her, she dried the grain for her cow, in the pye-pan, and grinded it upon her own malt-mill! A poor man's ram pastured amongst her stock of sheep. The smit was worn off. She and her servant-girl caught the ram, and with her own knife, and *teeth*, she made the *ram a wether!* On the girl's ob-

ſerving that the owner would ſtill diſtinguiſh it by the *ear mark*, ſhe took out her ſciſſars, and made the mark *her own*. The poor fellow lodged a complaint before a neighbouring magiſtrate, who, with his uſual clemency, appriſed the lady of the complaint. A friend of hers made the poor fellow a compliment of a few guineas, and the matter was huſhed.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. BARCLAY.

ON Saturday the 8th of April, died at his ſeat at Ury, in Scotland, Robert Barclay, Eſq. member of parliament for the county of Kincairdine, and great grandſon of Robert Barclay, the author of the Apology for the Quakers. He was a man of extenſive information, and poſſeſſed of uncommon vigour, both of body and of intellect.

Mr. Pennant, in his Tour in Scotland, vol. II. page 132, ſpeaking of Mr. Barclay, ſays, " This gentleman, by the example he ſets his neighbours in the fine management of his land, is a moſt uſeful and worthy character in his country: he has been long a peripatetic obſerver of the different modes of agriculture in all parts of Great-Britain, his journies being on foot, followed by a ſervant, with his baggage, on horſeback. He has more than once walked to London; and, by way of experiment, has gone eighty miles in a day. He has reduced his remarks to practice, much to his honour and emolument: the barren heaths which once ſurrounded him, are now converted into rich fields of wheat, beans, or oats. He is likewiſe a great planter. The land thus improved was originally heath, and even that which is arable, produced moſt miſerable crops of poor and degenerate oat, and was, upon the whole, not worth two ſhillings an acre; but in its preſent improved ſtate, is worth twenty; and the tenants will live twice as well as before the improvement.

" The firſt turnips for feeding cattle were raiſed by this genleman; and the markets are now plentifully ſupplied with freſh beef. Before that period, freſh meat was hardly known in theſe parts during the winter and ſpring months, &c.

Mr. Barclay may be conſidered as one of the greateſt benefactors of his country, having, by his exertions and his example, awakened in Scotland a ſpirit of improvement in agriculture, which giving a new, an honourable and uſeful direction to the purſuits and character of his cotemporaries, has been productive of thoſe rapid improvements which have enriched the inhabitants, and changed the face of that country. Such was the extent of his information, the energy of his character, and the ſuperiority of his powers, and ſo uſeful the direction in which they were employed, that he was looked up to with reſpect by men of the firſt rank and abilities; and his death will be regretted as a public misfortune.

A PUZZLE.

THERE is now living within a few miles of Oldham, in Lancaſhire, a family conſiſting of a grand-father, a grand-mother, two fathers, two mothers, two ſiſters, four brothers, a father-in-law, a mother-in-law, a ſon-in-law, a daughter-in-law, three ſiſters-in-law, three brothers-in-law, a ſtep-father, a ſtep-mother, a ſtep-daughter, two ſtep-ſons, a daughter, a niece, three nephews, two huſbands, three ſons, two uncles, two wives, an aunt, a great aunt, a great uncle, and a grandſon—in all, eight perſons.

DRA-

DRAMATIC EXTRACTS.

Extracts from the New Comedy of WIVES AS THEY WERE, AND MAIDS AS THEY ARE, *written by* MRS. INCHBALD. *For an account of this Play, see our Magazine for March last, page* 3c6.

Interesting scene between Sir William Dorrillon, under the feigned name and character of Mr. Mandred, and his daughter, Miss Dorrillon, when the latter is pursued by bailiffs.

ACT IV.

SCENE III.—SIR WILLIAM DORRILLON'S *Apartment at* Mr. NORBERRY'S. — *Several trunks and travelling boxes.*—SIR WILLIAM *discovered, packing writings into a port-folio.*

Sir William.

AND here is the end of my voyage to England! — a voyage, which, for years, my mind has dwelt on with delight!—I pictured to myself my daughter grown to womanhood, beautiful! and so she is.—Accomplished! and so she is.—Virtuous! and so she is.—Am I of a discontented nature then, that I am not satisfied?—am I too nice?—Perhaps I am!—Soothing thought!—I will for a moment cherish it, and dwell with some little gratitude on her late anxiety for my safety. [*He walks about in a thoughtful musing manner.*]

A loud thrusting and rapping is heard at his chamber-door.

Enter MISS DORRILLON *hastily, and in affright.*

Miss Dorrillon. Oh Mr. Mandred, I beg your pardon—I did not know this was your apartment. But suffer me to lock the door; [*she locks it*] and conceal me for a moment, for heaven's sake.

Sir William. What's the matter? Why have you locked my door?

Miss Dorrillon (trembling). I dare not tell you.

Sir William. I insist upon knowing.

Miss Dorrillon. Why then—I am pursued by a —— I cannot name the horrid name ——

Nabson (without.) She went into this room.

Miss Dorrillon (to Sir William.) Go to the door, and say I did not.

Sir William. How!

Nabson (without.) Please to open the door.

Miss Dorrillon. Threaten to beat him if he won't go away.

Sir William. Give me the key, and let me see from whom you want to hide. — *(Commandingly)* Give me the key.

Miss Dorrillon (collecting firmness). I will not.

Sir William (starting.) "Will not" —— "Will not," when I desire you!

Miss Dorrillon. No—since you refuse me protection, I'll protect myself.

Sir William. But you had better not have made use of that expression to me—you had better not. Recall it by giving me the key.

Miss Dorrillon. If I do, will you let me conceal myself behind that book-case, and say I am not here?

Sir William. Utter a falsehood?

Miss Dorrillon. I would for you.

[*A hammering at the door.*

Sir William. They are breaking-open the door.—Give me the key, I command you.

Miss Dorrillon. "Command me!" "command me!" However, there it is. *(Gives it him.)* And now, if you are a gentleman, give me up if you dare!

Sir

Sir William. "If I am a gentleman!" Hem, hem—"If I am a gentleman!" "Dares" me too!

[*Going slowly towards the door.*

Miss Dorrillon. Yes; I have now thrown myself upon your protection: and if you deliver me to my enemies——

Sir William. What enemies? What business have you with enemies?

Miss Dorrillon. 'Tis they have business with me.

Sir William (*to them without.*) I am coming. The door shall be opened.

Miss Dorrillon (*follows and lays hold of him.*) Oh, for heaven's sake, have pity on me—they are merciless creditors—I shall be dragged to a prison. Do not deliver me up—I am unfortunate—I am overwhelmed with misfortune—have compassion on me!

[*She falls on her knees.*

Sir William (*in great agitation.*) Don't *kneel* to me!—I don't mean you to kneel to me!—What makes you think of kneeling to *me?*—I must do my duty.

[*He unlocks the door.*

Enter Nabson—Miss Dorrillon *steals behind the book-case.*

Sir William. What did you want, Sir?

Nabson. A lady, that I have just this minute made my prisoner; but she ran from me, and locked herself in here.

Sir William (*with surprise.*) Arrested a lady!

Nabson. Yes, Sir; and if you mean to deny her being here, I must make bold to search the room.

Sir William. Let me look at your credentials.—(*takes the writ.*)—"Elizabeth Dorrillon, for six hundred pounds." Pray, Sir, is it customary to have female names on pieces of paper of this denomination?

Nabson. Oh yes, Sir, very customary. There are as many ladies who will run into tradesmen's books as there are gentlemen; and when one goes to take the ladies, they are a thousand times more slippery to catch than the men.

Sir William. Abominable!—Well, Sir, your present prisoner shall not slip through your hands, if I can prevent it. I scorn to defend a worthless woman, as much as I should glory in preserving a good one: and I give myself joy in being the instrument of your executing justice—[*He goes and leads* Miss Dorrillon *from the place where she was concealed—she casts down her head.*]—What! do you droop? do you tremble? You, who at the ball to-night would have danced lightly, though your poor creditor had been perishing with want! You, who never asked yourself if your extravagance might not send an industrious father of a family to prison—can you feel on the prospect of going thither yourself?

Miss Dorrillon. For what cause am I the object of your perpetual persecution?

Nabson. Lor! Madam, the gentleman means to bail you after all; I can see it by his looks.

Sir William. How, rascal, dare you suppose, or imagine, or hint, such a thing? [*going up to him in anger.*]

Miss Dorrillon. That's right, beat him out of the house.

Sir William. No, Madam, he shall not go out of the house without taking you along with him. Punishment may effect in your disposition what indulgence had no hope of producing.——There is your prisoner [*handing her over to him*]—and you may take my word, that she will not be released by me, or by any one: and it will be only adding to a debt she can never pay

pay, to take her to any place previous to a prison [*with the emotion of resentment, yet deep sorrow.*]

Nabson. Is that true, my lady?

Miss Dorrillon (after a pause.) Very true. I have but one friend —but one relation in the world— and he is far away. [*Weeps.*]

[Sir William *wipes his eyes.*]

Nabson. More's the pity.

Sir William. No, Sir, no — no pity at all—for if fewer fine ladies had friends, we should have fewer examples of profligacy.

[*She walks to the door, then turns to* Sir William.]

Miss Dorrillon. I forgive you.

[*Exit, followed by* Nabson.

Sir William (looking after her.) And perhaps I *could* forgive you. But I must not. No, this is justice —this is doing my duty—this is strength of mind—this is fortitude —fortitude—fortitude. [*He walks proudly across the room, then stops, takes out his handkerchief, throws his head into it, and is going off*]

Enter Lady Mary—*a man following at a distance.*

Lady Mary. Mr. Mandred, Mr. Mandred. [*He turns.*] Sir—Mr. Mandred—Sir—[*in a supplicating tone*] I presume—I presume, Sir—

Sir William. What, Madam? what?

Lady Mary. I came, Sir, to request a favour of you.

Sir William. So it should seem, by that novel deportment.

Lady Mary. If you would for once consider with lenity, the frailty incidental to a woman who lives in the gay world—

Sir William. Well, Madam!

Lady Mary.—How much she is led away by the temptation of fine clothes, fine coaches, and fine things.

Sir William. Come, to the business.

Lady Mary. You are rich, we all know, though you endeavour to disguise the truth.

Sir William. I can't stay to hear you if you don't proceed.

Lady Mary. My request is—save from the dreadful horrors of a jail, a woman who has no friend near her—a woman who may have inadvertently offended you, but who never—

Sir William. 'Tis in vain for you to plead on her account—she knows my sentiments upon her conduct—she knows the opinion I have formed of her; and you cannot prevail on me to change it.

Lady Mary. Do you suppose I come to plead for Miss Dorrillon?

Sir William. Certainly.

Lady Mary. No, I am pleading for myself. I am unfortunately involved in similar circumstances—I have a similar debt to the self-same tradesman, and we are both at present in the self-same predicament.

Sir William. And upon what pretence did you suppose I would be indulgent to you, more than to her?

Lady Mary. Because you have always treated me with less severity; and because I overheard you just now say, you "should glory in delivering from difficulty a good woman."

Sir William. And so I should.

Lady Mary. How unlike the world!

Sir William. No—whatever the discontented may please to say, the world is affectionate, is generous, to the good; more especially to the good of the female sex; for it is only an exception to a general rule, when a good woman is in a pecuniary distress. [*Exit* Sir William.

ACT V.

Scene II.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter Miss Dorrillon *and* Mr. Norberry.

Mr. Norberry. You ought to have known

known it was in wain to ſend for me. Have not I repeatedly declared, that, till I heard from your father, you ſhould receive nothing more from me than a bare ſubſiſtence?—I promiſe to allow you thus much, even in this miſerable place: but do not indulge a hope that I can releaſe you from it. (*She weeps—he goes to the door—then returns.*] I forgot to mention, that Mr. Mandred goes on board to-morrow for India; and, little as you may think of his ſenſibility, he ſeems concerned at the thought of quitting England without juſt bidding you farewell. He came with me hither—ſhall I ſend him up?

Miſs Dorrillon. Oh! no: for heaven's ſake! Deliver me from his aſperity, as you would ſave me from diſtraction.

Mr. Norberry. Nay, 'tis for the laſt time—you had better ſee him. You may be ſorry, perhaps, you did not, when he is gone.

Miſs Dorrillon. No, no; I ſha'n't be ſorry.—Go, and excuſe me—Go, and prevent his coming. I cannot ſee him.—[*Exit* Mr. Norberry]—This would be aggravation of puniſhment, to ſhut me in a priſon, and yet not ſhelter me from the inſults of the world!

Enter SIR WILLIAM.—[*She ſtarts.*

Sir William. I know you have deſired not to be troubled with my viſit; and I come with all humility——I do not come, be aſſured, to reproach you.

Miſs Dorrillon. Unexpected mercy!

Sir William. No; though I have watched your courſe with anger, yet I do not behold its end with triumph.

Miſs Dorrillon. It is not to your honour, that you think it neceſſary to give this ſtatement of your mind.

Sir William. May be — but I never boaſted of perfection, though I can boaſt of grief that I am ſo far beneath it. I can boaſt too, that though I frequently give offence to others, I could never part with any one for ever (as I now ſhall with you), without endeavouring to make ſome atonement.

Miſs Dorrillon. You acknowledge, then, your cruelty to me?

Sir William. I acknowledge I have taken upon me to adviſe, beyond the liberty allowed by cuſtom to one who has no apparent intereſt or authority.—But, not to repeat what has paſſed, I come, with the approbation of your friend Mr. Norberry, to make a propoſal to you for the future.

[*He draws chairs, and they ſit.*]

Miſs Dorrillon. What propoſal?—What is it? (*eagerly.*)

Sir William. Mr. Norberry will not give either his money or his word to releaſe you—But as I am rich—have loſt my only child—and wiſh to do ſome good with my fortune, I will inſtantly lay down the money of which you are in want, upon certain conditions.

Miſs Dorrillon. Do I hear right? Is it poſſible I can find a friend in *you?*—a friend to relieve me from the depth of miſery! Oh Mr. Mandred!

Sir William. Before you return thanks, hear the conditions on which I make the offer.

Miſs Dorrillon. Any conditions—What you pleaſe!

Sir William. You muſt promiſe, never, never to return to your former follies and extravagancies. [*She looks down.*] Do you heſitate? Do you refuſe?—Won't you promiſe?

Miſs Dorrillon. I would, willingly—but for one reaſon.

Sir William. And what is that?

Miſs Dorrillon. The fear I ſhould not keep my word.

Sir William. You will, if your fear be real.

Miſs Dorrillon. It *is* real.—It is even ſo great, that I have no hope.

Sir

Sir William. You refuse my offer then, and dismiss me? *(Rises).*

Miss Dorrillon (rising also). With much reluctance.—But I cannot, indeed I cannot make a promise, unless I were to feel my heart wholly subdued; and my mind entirely convinced that I should never break it.—Sir, I am most sincerely obliged to you for the good which I am sure you designed me; but do not tempt me with the proposal again—do not place me in a situation that might add to all my other afflictions—the remorse of having deceived you.

Sir William (after a pause.) Well, I will dispense with this condition; but there is another I must substitute in its stead.—Resolve to pass the remainder of your life, some few ensuing years at least, in the country. *(She starts.)* Do you start at that?

Miss Dorrillon. I do not love the country. I am always miserable while I am from London. Besides, there are no follies or extravagancies in the country.—Dear Sir, this is giving me up the first condition, and then forcing me to keep it.

Sir William. There, Madam, *(taking out his pocket-book)* I scorn to hold out hopes, and then destroy them. There is a thousand pounds free of all conditions *(she takes it)* —extricate yourself from this situation, and be your own mistress to return to it when you please.

[*Going.*

Miss Dorrillon. Oh, my benefactor! bid me farewell at parting—do not leave me in anger.

Sir William. How! will you dictate terms to me, while you reject all mine?

Miss Dorrillon. Then only suffer me to express my gratitude—

Sir William. I will not hear you.

[*Going.*

Miss Dorrillon. Then hear me on another subject; a subject of much importance—indeed it is.

Sir William. Well!

Miss Dorrillon. You are going to India immediately—It is possible that there, or at some place you will stop at on your way, you may meet with my father.

Sir William. Well!

Miss Dorrillon. You have heard that I have expected him home for some time past, and that I still live in hopes—

Sir William. Well! *(anxiously.)*

Miss Dorrillon. If you should see him, and should be in his company—don't mention *me.*

Sir William. Not mention *you?*

Miss Dorrillon. At least, not my indiscretions——Oh! I should die if I thought *he* would ever know of them.

Sir William. Do you think he would not discover them himself, should he ever see you?

Miss Dorrillon. But he would not discover them all at once—I should be on my guard when he first came.—My ill habits would steal on him progressively, and not be half so shocking as if you were to vociferate them all in a breath.

Sir William. To put you out of apprehension at once—your father is not coming home—nor will he ever return to his own country.

Miss Dorrillon (starting.) You seem to speak from certain knowledge—Oh! heavens! is he not living?

Sir William. Yes, living—but under severe affliction—fortune has changed, and all his hopes are blasted.

Miss Dorrillon. "Fortune changed!"—In poverty?—my father in poverty?—*(weeping.)*—Oh, Sir, excuse what may perhaps appear an ill compliment to your bounty; but to me, the greatest reverence I can pay to it.—You are going to that part of the world where he is; take this precious

gift back, search out my father, and let *him* be the object of your beneficence.—*(Forces it into his hand.)*—I shall be happy in this prison, indeed I shall, so I can but give a momentary relief to my dear, dear father. — (Sir William *takes out his handkerchief)*—You weep! — This present, perhaps, would be but poor alleviation of his sufferings— perhaps he is in sickness; or a prisoner! Oh! if he is, release me instantly, and take me with you to the place of his confinement.

Sir William. What! quit the joys of London?

Miss Dorrillon. On such an errand, I would quit them all without a sigh—and here I make a solemn promise to you—*(kneeling.)*

Sir William. Hold, you may wish to break it.

Miss Dorrillon. Never! — exact what vow you will on *this* occasion, I will make, and keep it.—[*Enter* MR. NORBERRY — *She rises.*] — Oh! Mr. Norberry, he has been telling me such things of my father—

Mr. Norberry. Has he? Then kneel again—call *him* by that name —and implore him not to disown *you* for his child.

Miss Dorrillon. Good heaven! —I dare not—I dare not do as you require. [*She faints on* Norberry.

Sir William (going to her.) My daughter!—My child!—

Mr. Norberry. At those names she revives.—*(She raises her head, but expresses great agitation.)*— Come, let us quit this wretched place—she will be better then. My carriage is at the door. You will follow us.

[*Exeunt, leading off* Miss Dorrillon.]

Sir William. Follow you!—Yes —and I perceive that, in spite of philosophy, justice, or resolution, I could follow you all the world over. [*Exit.*

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Account of the GAME OF BRAG.

THIS game is simple in itself, depending entirely upon the adversaries having, or boasting, superior cards one to another. It is played by two, three, or more persons. As soon as you cut for deal, three cards are dealt to each person. The knave and nine of hearts are reckoned the best or brag-cards; but if you have a pair royal, sequence, or flush, it tells according to the usual superiority of the cards (except when you have knave and nine of hearts, with an ace, king, or knave); in that case nothing but three aces or kings is superior. The oldest hand then begins to speak first, by saying he *brags* such a sum; if the next player thinks his hand superior, or, if he choose to out-do his antagonist, he will mention perhaps double or treble the sum: thus going on till leaving it to the highest bidder, who, as having the greatest spirit, or being the greatest boaster, to venture the largest sum, wins the stake; consequently the stake is often won by a very indifferent hand, making your antagonist believe that you have a better hand than him by a resolute countenance, or method of bragging.

A fearful player at this game will soon discover his antagonist, by his manner of bragging, whether he has a good hand or not, by which means the antagonist will play to a great advantage, because he will stop as soon as he finds this timid player has a hand which he dares brag upon.

The players may justly be compared to two bullies: he who is possessed of the most terrific muscles, and appears to be really the man of valour, carries the day; for

for it does not depend so much upon the goodness of the cards, as it does upon what is before mentioned.

If you have two aces and a small card, you may venture to brag, or one ace and two tolerable cards. If you have a pair-royal, or a sequence of the lowest kind, you may also venture to brag, because in either of these cases, it is odds your antagonist has not so good a hand. If you have the knave brag-card and two aces, you may venture to make a push, being very great odds that your antagonist cannot hold better cards. If you have knave and nine of hearts, with any other capital card, you may venture to push your antagonist hard (but have a care you do not discover the goodness of your cards by your countenance), being almost the best hand you can possibly hold; and if you should have the best cards in the pack, that is to say, knave and nine of hearts with an ace, you should be particularly careful how you begin to brag. You should speak in such a tone of voice, as might neither denote the goodness or badness of your cards, and not be too elated on the occasion, for here is the rock that young players generally split upon; and indeed, as we have already said, the countenance and manner of expressing yourself, is the most material thing belonging to this game, when it is played fair.

This is a very sporting game, and great sums have been won and lost at it, so that it is worth while for any person fond of play, to adhere to the rules here laid down.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NATURAL HISTORY OF DOGS.

DR. Caius, the able assistant to the learned Buffon, in the compilation of his Natural History, likewise wrote expressly on the species of British dogs for the use of his learned friend, Gesner, with whom he kept a strict correspondence, and whose death he laments in a very elegant and pathetic manner.

Besides a brief account of the variety of dogs then existing in this country, he has added a systematic table of them: his method is so judicious, that we shall make use of the same; explain it by a brief account of each kind, and point out those that are no longer in use among us.

SYNOPSIS OF BRITISH DOGS.

1. The most generous kinds.
   - Dogs of Chace.
     - Terrier.
     - Harrier.
     - Blood-hound.
     - Gaze-hound.
     - Grey-hound.
     - Leviner, or Lyemmer.
     - Tumbler.
   - Fowlers.
     - Spaniel.
     - Setter.
     - Water-Spaniel, or Finder.
   - Lap-dogs.
     - Spaniel.
     - Gentle, or Comforter.
   - Farm Dogs.
     - Shepherd's Dog.
     - Mastiff, or Band Dog.
   - Mongrels.
     - Wappe.
     - Turnspit.
     - Dancer.

The first variety is the Terrarius, or Terrier, which takes its name from

from its subterraneous employ; being a small kind of hound used to force the fox, or other beasts of prey out of their holes; and (in former times) rabbits out of their burrows into nets.

The Leverarius, or Harrier, is a species well known at present; it derives its name from its use, that of hunting the hare: but under this head may be placed the fox-hound, which is only a stronger and fleeter variety applied to a different chace.

The Sanguinarius, or Blood-hound, or the Sleuthounde of the Scots, was a dog of great use, and in high esteem with our ancestors: its employ was to recover any game that had escaped wounded from the hunter, or been killed and stolen out of the forest. It was remarkable for the acuteness of its smell, tracing the lost beast by the blood it had spilt, from whence the name is derived. This species could, with the utmost certainty, find the thief by following his footsteps, let the distance of his flight be ever so great, and through the most secret and thickest coverts: nor would it cease its pursuit till it had taken the felon. They were likewise used by Wallace and Bruce during the civil wars. The poetical historians of the two heroes frequently relate very curious passages on this subject; of the service these dogs were of to their masters, and the escapes they had from those of the enemy. The blood-hound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland, where the borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours. The true blood-hound was large, strong, muscular, broad-breasted, of a stern countenance, of a deep tan-colour, and generally marked with a black spot above each eye.

The next division of th s species of dogs, comprehend those that hunt by the eye, and whose success depends either upon the quickness of their sight, their swiftness, or their subtilty.

The Agasæus, or Gaze-hound, was the first; it chaced indifferently the fox, hare, or buck. It would select the fattest and fairest deer; pursue it by the eye; and if lost for a time, recover it again by its singular distinguishing faculty: and should the beast rejoin the herd, this dog would fix unerringly on the same. This species is now lost, or at least unknown to us.

The next kind is the Leporarius, or Grey-hound. Dr. Caius informs us, that it takes its name *quod præcipui gradus sit inter canes*, the first in rank among dogs; that it was formerly esteemed so, appears from the forest-laws of king Canute, who enacted, that no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a grey-hound; and still more strongly from an old Welch saying, *Weth ei Walch ei Earch a'i adwaenir Bowbeddig*; which signifies that you may know a gentleman by his hawk, his horse, and his grey-hound.

Froissart relates a fact not much to the credit of the fidelity of this species: when that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint-Castle, his favourite grey-hound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival Bolingbroke, as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of the former.

The variety called the Highland Grey-hound, and now become very scarce, is of a very great size, strong, deep-chested, and covered with long and rough hair. This kind was much esteemed in former days, and used in great numbers by the powerful chieftains in their magnificent hunting-matches.

The third species is the Levinarius, or Lorarius; the Leviner, or Lyemmer,

Lyemmer, is derived from the lightnefs of the kind, the other from the old word *Lyemme*, a thong, this fpecies being ufed to be led in a thong, and flipped at the game. Our author fays, that this dog was a kind that hunted both by fcent and fight, and in the form of its body obferved a medium between the hound and the grey-hound. This probably is the kind now known by the name of the Irifh grey-hound; a dog now extremely fcarce in that kingdom, the late king of Poland having procured from them as many as poffible. I have feen but two or three in the whole ifland; they were of the kind called by M. de Buffon, *Le Grand Danois*, and probably imported there by the Danes, who long poffeffed that kingdom. Their ufe feems originally to have been for the chace of wolves, with which Ireland fwarmed till the latter end of the laft century. As foon as thofe animals were extirpated, the numbers of the dogs decreafed; for from that period they were kept only for ftate.

The Vertagus, or Tumbler, is a fourth fpecies, which took its prey by mere fubtilty, depending neither on the fagacity of its nofe, nor its fwiftnefs: if it came into a warren, it neither barked nor run on the rabbits; but by a feeming neglect of them, or attention to fomething elfe, deceived the object till it came within its reach, fo as to take it by a fudden fpring. This dog was lefs than the hound; more fcraggy, and had pricked-up ears; and by Dr. Caius's defcription, feems to anfwer to the modern lurcher.

The third divifion of the more generous dogs, comprehends thofe which were ufed in fowling; firft, the Hifpaniolus, or Spaniel: from the name, it may be fuppofed that we were indebted to Spain for this breed; there were two varieties of this kind; the firft is ufed in hawking, to fpring the game, which are the fame with our ftarters.

The other variety was ufed only for the net, and was called Index, or the Setter, a kind well known at prefent. This kingdom has long been remarkable for producing dogs of this fort, particular care having been taken to preferve the breed in the utmoft purity. They are ftill diftinguifhed by the name of Englifh fpaniels, fo that, notwithftanding the derivation of the name, it is probable they are natives of Great-Britain; we may ftrengthen our fufpicion by faying, that the firft who broke a dog to the net, was an Englifh nobleman of a moft diftinguifhed character—the great Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. The Pointer, which is a dog of foreign extraction, was unknown to our anceftors.

The Aquaticus, or Finder, was another fpecies ufed in fowling; was the fame as our water-fpaniel, and was ufed to find or recover game that was fhot.

The Melitæus, or Fotor; the fpaniel, gentle or comforter, of Dr. Caius (the modern lap-dog) was the laft of this divifion. The Maltefe little dogs were as much efteemed by the fine ladies of paft times, as thofe of Bologna are among the modern. Old Hollingfhed is ridiculoufly fevere on the fair of his days, for their exceffive paffion for thefe little animals, which is fufficient to prove it was in his time a novelty.

The fecond grand divifion of dogs comprehends the Ruftici, or thofe that were ufed in the country.

The firft fpecies is the Paftoralis, or Shepherd's dog, which is the fame that is ufed at prefent, either in guarding our flocks, or in driving herds of cattle. This kind is fo well trained for thofe purpofes,

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as to attend to every part of the herd or flock be it ever ſo large, confine them to the road, and force in every ſtraggler without doing it the leaſt injury.

The next is the Villaticus, or Cautenarius, the Maſtiff or Band-dog, a ſpecies of great ſize and ſtrength, and a very loud barker. Manwood ſays, it derives it name from *maſe theefe*, being ſuppoſed to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice. Caius tells us, that three of theſe were reckoned a match for a bear, and four for a lion: but from an experiment made in the tower by James the Firſt, that noble quadruped was found an unequal match to only three. Two of the dogs were diſabled in the combat, but the third forced the lion to ſeek for ſafety by flight. The Engliſh bull-dog ſeems to belong to this ſpecies; and probably is the dog our author mentions under the title of Laniarius. Great-Britain was ſo noted for its maſtiffs, that the Roman Emperors appointed an officer in this iſland, with the title of *Procurator Cynegii*, whoſe ſole buſineſs was to breed, and tranſmit from hence to the amphitheatre, ſuch as would prove equal to the combats of the place.

Strabo tells us, that the maſtiffs of Britain were trained for war, and were uſed by the Gauls in their battles; and it is certain, a well-trained maſtiff might be of conſiderable uſe in diſtreſſing ſuch half-armed and irregular combatants, as the adverſaries of the Gauls ſeem generally to have been, before the Romans conquered them.

The laſt diviſion is that of the Degeneres or Curs. The firſt of theſe was the Wappe, a name derived from its note; its only uſe was to alarm the family by barking, if any perſon approached the houſe, Of this claſs was the Verſator, or Turnſpit; and laſtly, the Sultator, or Dancing-dog, or ſuch as was taught variety of tricks, and carried about by idle people as a ſhow. Thoſe Degeneres were of no certain ſhape, being mongrels, or mixtures of all kinds of dogs.

On Mr. CUMBERLAND'S *Comedy of the* LAST OF THE FAMILY, *written by the Author of the Critique on the* TATLERS—*ſee page* 75, *in this Number of our Magazine.*

THE Comedy, called THE LAST OF THE FAMILY, is the production of Richard Cumberland, Eſq. the well-known Author of the *Weſt-Indian*, the *Jew*, *Firſt Love*, the *Wheel of Fortune*, and many other popular dramatic pieces. It was repreſented for the firſt time, for the benefit of Mr. Banniſter, jun. (whoſe acknowledged talents as a Comedian have contributed eſſentially to ſupport the recent writings of the Author on the Stage), and for the ſecond, on Wedneſday evening, May 10, on both which occaſions it was received with great applauſe. This Comedy, without much nerve in its plot, or great originality in its character, from the eaſe and livelineſs of the dialogue, and the artful diſpoſition of ſome of the incidents, is intereſting and entertaining. The mixture of whimſical humour, and ſincere and active kindneſs of Tiffany, and the honeſt purpoſe of Abel Ap-origin, arreſt attention, and gratify the beſt feelings of the mind, though their rage for goodueſs and fellow-feeling ſomewhat contradicts the ordinary practice of life. The mock madneſs of Lætitia is aſſumed, we ſcarcely know why, and thrown off on the ſudden without any rhyme or reaſon. It is rather to be lamented, that comic writers give

give in to the use of a conceit, the acting of which too seriously affects the heart of sensibility to assort with scenes, that, properly speaking, should only excite pleasing sensations. In tragedy, Shakespeare has touched the idea with a masterly hand: but though Congreve's Valentine assumed madness for a wise purpose, and Mrs. Cowley has not unsuccessfully made use of the same kind of incident in one of her plays, a direct parody on Ophelia is fitter for the stage of the French *Comédie Italienne*, than an English theatre. Peregrine is amiably coloured, but not brought forward enough in the dramatic canvas for the hero of the play. The incident of his discovery, by means of a two-part locket, and much of the plot, is evidently taken, but fairly so, from Dr. Moore's Novel of EDWARD.

The characters were most of them well supported. Bannister and Suett deserved the Author's best thanks; and Mrs. Jordan's felicitous exertion of her wonderful and various talents, entitle her to more praise, than either the gratitude of the Author, or the power of the Writer of this article can put into words, if they were to club their wits for the purpose. R. Palmer was easy and well in Flaxible; and Mr. C. Kemble, and Miss Pope, did every possible justice to their respective characters. It is not a very desirable thing to see either Wewitzer or Dowton in a laced suit of clothes, unless in characters, the ridicule of which is meant to be heightened by tawdry trappings. Wewitzer is unrivalled as a comedian, in his proper cast; but the truth is, he has not the good fortune, nor do we believe he gives himself credit for the power of being able, with any sort of facility, to assume the necessary grace and elegance of a person in polished life.

This play will probably hold its place on the Stage for some time, for the reasons before-mentioned; but it is very inferior to any former Comedies of the same writer.

The WORDS *of* COMMAND, *and a brief Explanation of the* NEW SWORD EXERCISE. *By Sholto Sorlie, serjeant in the 7th (or Queen's own regiment) of Light Dragoons.*

(*Continued from page* 390.)

Method of preparing to perform the Six Divisions of Movements on Horseback.

THE same instructions to be observed by the fugle men, for the performance of it on horseback as on foot.

The drill will be fell in a rank entire, and told off exactly the same as when on foot, right, centre, and left; but besides that, the drill must be told off in four divisions, upon a supposition of the our squadrons of the regiment, until such time as the whole of the regiment performs it, when there will be no further necessity for it; this dividing them into four divisions, is a preparation for performing it with speed, which will be explained hereafter; neither will there be any necessity of easing files as when on foot, for if the men have their usual distance of files, which is eight inches from knee to knee, when the centre and left files fall back, there will be plenty of room; yet it will be necessary to prove their distance of files, for fear of an accident, which is done on horseback the same as on foot, with this difference, that in proving distance of files

files on horseback, the men stand well upon their stirrups.

After having drawn their swords, the same words of command will be made use of as when on foot; but when the pivets on the right fall back, they will take care to have no more than half a horse's length from the one in front from them. Your files having doubled, you proceed to perform the sword exercise, either by word of command, or by fugle men; but it must always be observed, both on foot and on horseback, that the men remain perfectly steady when at position of *slope swords*, between every division of movements.

N. B. When the sword exercise is performed by fugle men, either on horseback, or on foot, after the word *first division*, &c. is given, a pause of about three seconds must be made before the sword is brought to the *prepare to guard*.

The Meaning of the Six Divisions of Movements explained.

The use of the first division of movements are upon a supposition of advancing; the use of the six cuts, *left and right project*, are exactly the same as explained in the explanation of the drill motions. It contains sixteen motions.

Second Division explained.

The use of the second division of movements, are upon a supposition of retreating; the commencement and cuts are exactly the same as the first division; the guards and cuts to the rear are also explained in the drill motions. It contains fifteen motions.

Third Division explained.

The use of the third division of movements, is also upon a supposition of advancing, and is nearly the same as the first, with this difference, that there are four cuts more than in the first; three to cut the horse's head, and one to cut the man, and two guards in it for the protection of the horse's head. This division of movements must be done much quicker than any of the others, as it is much the longest, otherwise the ground would not do. It contains twenty-two motions.

Fourth Division explained.

The sole intention of this division of movements, is an attack against infantry. Having come to your guard, you are upon a supposition that an infantry man is kneeling with charged bayonet against you; you therefore immediately prepare to parry the bayonet off with the back of the sword: having parried, you instantly cut at the man with cut TWO, in such direction as to cut him under the hat; as soon as you have cut two, the sword must be brought to the position of Saint George, to be in readiness to cut one on the other side of you; and in all cuts in the infantry movements, the sword must be brought to the position of Saint George, as it stands to reason, the greater height a man cuts from, the more force he cuts with. You next give point to the right and left, not in the same direction as if fighting a man on horseback, but downwards, as supposing a man lying on the ground. You next cut three and four; and in cutting three, you must take care to carry the sword well round the head, and cut strong up to the front in both these last cuts. It musta lways be observed in the infantry cuts, that in cutting two and one, after the strength of the cuts are made, the back of the sword must be turned towards the horse's crup; also in cutting three and

and four, that the ſword is carried ſtrait out to the front, in order to ſave the horſe's head: for if a horſe gets one cut, it makes him ever after ſhy. It contains fifteen motions.

Fifth Diviſion explained.

This diviſion of movements is on a ſuppoſition of fighting two men, or rather how to attack on either ſide of you; you therefore begin the attack on the near or left ſide of you, by cutting one and two at your antagoniſt, inſtantly bringing the ſword round your head at the guard, and turning the body well to the right, you cut one and two again, and bring the ſword to prepare to guard; then give point to the left, then to the right; and in giving point to the right, the inſtant you give point, the edge of the ſword muſt be turned to the front, and the head to the left; you now cut five and ſix, guard and ſlope forward. This diviſion contains fourteen motions.

Sixth Diviſion explained.

This diviſion, which is the laſt, is an attack on the right, and defence to the left; the ſuppoſition is that you are attacking a man on the right of you. Firſt give point to the right, then cut one at your antagoniſt's back of his head; inſtantly turning your ſword you cut at his face with cut two, and bring the ſword with the hilt againſt your left ſhoulder, point upwards, ready to parry; you will act the defenſive part, by firſt parrying the point off which is given to the right; having parried, you inſtantly bring the ſword back to the firſt poſition of the parry, to be in readineſs to guard the cut which is made at the back of your head; having guarded the back of your head, you next guard your face, then give point to the front, prepare to guard, guard, then ſlope ſwords. This diviſion contains twelve motions.

Your men having performed the ſix diviſions of movement, ſtanding and formed to their former front, it is next to be performed in ſpeed; it has already been mentioned alſo that your drills are to be told off in four diviſions. You will therefore proceed as follows: *Ranks by threes from your centre outwards. Wheel. March. Halt. Dreſs.* The two left-hand diviſions will wheel to their left, and the two right-hand diviſions to their right by threes. You will next give the word *March*; at which word of command the whole move ſtrait forward, until they come to the ground appointed at each end for the leading threes to wheel, *i. e.* the leading three of the left half rank wheels to the right, and the leading three of the right half rank wheels to the left; then they move forward in that direction until the diviſions that are in the rear of both half ranks come upon their grounds appointed, where they will be ordered to *Halt*, and *Wheel up*: the front diviſions keep moving on, till they get about thirty yards off thoſe diviſions that are halted, then they *Halt* and *Wheel up*. You will have your men in two diviſions, at each end of your ground, formed oppoſite each other; you will next give the word, *Perform the Sword Exerciſe in ſpeed.* At which word of command, the right and left-hand men of each diviſion move forward one horſe length, and wait there until the word, *Firſt diviſion* is given; as ſoon as that word is given, they will ſtart off in ſpeed, go through their diviſion, and form up in the proper places in the rear of thoſe diviſions that were oppoſite them; as ſoon as one man has ſtarted, the next muſt forward a horſe's length, and ſo on until they have all gone off. The ſecond

man will go off with the second, the third with the third, the fourth with the fourth, the fifth with the fifth, and the sixth man with the sixth division; and should there be more than six men in each of your divisions, as there will be, when the whole squadron comes to act, the seventh man starts with the first, the eighth man with the second, and so on until the whole of your men are gone off. The men having all done one division of movements and formed up, the next thing to be done is the attack and defence standing; and in order to prepare for it, you will give the word, *Divisions wheel inwards. March.* At the word *march*, those divisions that belonged to the right half rank, wheel to their left, and those divisions of the left half rank, wheel to their right. *Halt. Dress.* You have one division of each half rank formed in the rear, which divisions are to act as the rear rank; you will now give the word, *Divisions to your centre, extend your sides. March.* At the word *march*, they will go off in a brisk trot, or a canter, casting their eye to the rear, and taking about two horses lengths distance from the files in the rear of them, they will halt and front, the files in the rear taking care to cover those in the front; you will now give the word, *Rear rank move forward to the attack. March.* At this word of command, the rear rank moves forward and attacks the front rank, and goes back to their places; you will next give the word, *Front rank, to your right about, turn. Move forward to the attack. March* At the word *march*, they will go and attack the rear rank, and come back to the ground they went from.

The Attack and Defence Standing explained.

As soon as the rear rank are ordered to move forward to the attack, and have got the word *march*, (they advance a few paces) come to the *prepare the guard*, then *guard*. The front rank will come to the guard of *bridle arm protect*. The rank now comes up, 1st, Give point to the right. 2nd, Cuts at the back of the head. 3rd, At the face. 4th, Horse's head near side. 5th. Horse's head off side. 6th, At the inside of the man's face. 7th, Guards against cut three. 8th, Cuts at his thigh, and walks off, protecting his bridle arm. Dressing by the centre, when come on their ground, halt and front.

The front rank having come to the guard of *bridle arm protect*, as soon as they see their antagonists preparing to give point, they will prepare to parry; 1st, Parry. 2nd, Guard the back of the head. 3rd, Guard the face. 4th, Horse near side protect. 5th, Off side protect. 6th, Guard the inside of the face. 7th, Cut three. 8th, Guard the thigh. 9th, Cut six. The front having gone about, and ordered to attack the rear rank, they will, at the word *march*, also advance a few paces, and then come to their guard regular, each rear rank man taking the time from his front rank man for doing the same. The front rank now comes up and begins the attack on the off side: 1st, Cut at his horse's head off side. 2nd, Inside of the man's face. 3rd, Guards against cut three. 4th, Cuts at his thigh. 5th, Guards against cut six. 6th, Cuts at his sword arm. 7th, At his bridle arm. 8th, Gives point to the right. 9th, Cuts at the back of the head. 10th, At his face. 11th, At his horse's head near side, and walks off, protecting his sword arm. The rear rank will first guard the horse's head off side. 2nd, Inside of the face. 3rd. Cut three. 4th, Guard the thigh. 5th, Cut six. 6th,

Guard

Guard sword arm. 7th, Bridle arm. 8th, Parry. 9th, Guard the back of the head. 10th, Guard the face. 11th, Horse near side protect; then as the front rank walks off, cut six at his sword arm.

The front and rear rank having attacked each other standing, it is next to be performed in speed: you will therefore prepare for it, by giving the word of command, *To your outward Flanks close your Files. March.* Your men being formed into divisions again, you will wheel them backwards by going about by threes, the divisions that belong to the left half rank on their right backwards, and the divisions that belong to the right half rank on their left backwards; *The Attack and Defence in speed. March.* At the word *march*, the two men that are on the right of the right-hand division, belonging to the left half rank, will go off in a canter, when got about ten yards of the next two, and so on until the whole are gone off; the left-hand division of the left half rank taking care to occupy the ground time enough that the right-hand divisions went from; and as soon as the two first men that went off are got to the left flank of the left division belonging to the right half rank which they must run to, they will pull up their horses and walk slowly on, till the whole are come up, when they will walk out and go and form on the same ground where they performed the six divisions of movements standing, each man taking care to get into his proper place, whilst he is in the rear of the right half rank. As soon as the whole of the men of the left half rank are clear of the flank of the left division of the right half rank, the right half rank will commence the attack, beginning the attack from the left of their left division, the right-hand division taking care to occupy their ground soon enough; and when the two first men that went off are come to the ground where the left half rank went from, they will also pull up, and follow the same instructions given for the left half rank, then walk out and form in their place.

Motions of the Attack and Defence in Speed explained.

The right-hand man of the two, always when they start, must be rather in the front, with his sword hand at his left shoulder, ready to parry the point off that is made at him; the man who attacks comes upon the near side; 1st, Gives point to the right. 2nd. Cuts at the back of the head. 3rd, Cuts at his face. 4th, Cuts at his horse's head near side and rides on, guarding his sword arm, and bringing the sword round to the rear, as he sees the other advancing on him, when he will now prepare to parry, and be attacked in the same manner, as explained. The defensive part is, 1st, Parry the point off. 2nd, Guard the back of the head. 3rd, Guard the face. 4th, Horse near side protect, and cut six.

(To be continued.)

ODD BEQUEST.

THE late Mr. Langford, of Balsover, Derbyshire, amongst other eccentric provisions in his will, left *three shillings* per week for the maintenance of a favourite little dog; with an express desire that, on the day of his interment, it might be clothed with a sable mantle, and attend his remains as one of the *chief mourners*, which was accordingly done with the greatest pomp and solemity.

THE FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE principle upon which the tax for doubling the duty on *Highways* is to proceed, may very easily be discovered. The Minister having already *double-loaded* John Bull, is determined to make him pay in proportion to the *burthen he carries.*

Mr. Courtenay, on being asked his opinion relative to the probable fate of Holland, said, that there was no doubt of its being declared an *independant* Republic, *dependant* upon France!

An impious punster, on hearing that the *spiritual* part of the community (the clergy) were about to *embody* themselves for the defence of the country, after making some observations on their *sable* attire, and how ill the sword would become it, exclaimed, "Oh! England, unhappy England, to what a condition are you reduced, when you are to be indebted for the defence of your rights and interests to a band of *black*-guards!"

It is a curious circumstance, but it is a fact, that a cow in the neighbourhood of Manchester amused herself, a few days ago, with eating *seven caps* and *two white aprons* which were on the hedge to dry, and belonged to a servant-girl at the farm-house where the cow was kept.

Two sailors discussing the late mutiny at Portsmouth, one of them affirmed that Lord K——n was at the head of it, on account of his having lately struck so many attorneys off the roll, who for the most part had entered into the *Fleet.*

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

The celebrated Mr. Christie, in describing a mansion he lately sold, says, "That it is situated on an elevated bank of the Thames, whose silver surface reflects the simple and elegant elevation of the building. The approach to the eating-room is through folding-doors, into a conservatory, forty feet by sixteen, imparting to the dwelling all the genial warmth of the Oriental or Occidental climates, and diffusing at pleasure through the apartments the perfume of the most odoriferous plants!"

CLASSICAL PUN.

By a gentleman not more distinguished for his abilities at the Bar and in the Senate, than for his wit and humour.—"It seems extraordinary (he remarked), that the English, who so earnestly wish for peace, should have given so favourable a reception to their visitor, the *weighty* Prince of Wirtemberg, who certainly must be considered as the *greatest Belli-gerent* Prince in Europe.

An honest Hibernian whose *bank-pocket* (to use his own phrase) had *stopt payment*, was forced to the sad necessity of perambulating the streets in Manchester two nights together, for want of a few pence to pay his lodging, when accidentally hearing a person talk of the *Lying-in* Hospital, he exclaimed, "That's the place for me! honey, where is it? for

for by Jasus I've been *lying out* these two nights."

A set of tradesmen were expressing their astonishment a few days ago at the capture of *Kebl* in *two hours*, by the French, although the reduction of that fortress had cost the Austrians *fifty-two days;* when an *honest carpenter* remarked, "that he could account for it in no other manner than by supposing that the former worked by the *job*, and the latter by the *day*."

ANECDOTE.

The well-known Cardinal Angelotto, notorious for the weakness of his intellects, and the meanness of his disposition, was very fond of detracting from the merit of others. One day, when Pope Eugenio IV. was at Florence, a lad of ten years old was introduced to his Holiness in the presence of the Cardinal. The youth addressed the Pope in a speech, which for gravity and wisdom much exceeded his years. "It is common," observed Angelotto, when the rest of the audience praised the oration, "for young persons endowed with premature talents to fall into early decay of parts."—"Then, my Lord Cardinal," replied the lad, "you must have had very extraordinary talents when you was young."

Extraordinary Epitaph upon a Chorister to one of the Kings of Spain, in the Church of Saragossa, in that kingdom.

"Here lies Juan Cabecca, chorister of our Lord the King:—When he was received into the choir of Angels, in augmentation of that happy company, his voice was so distinguishable from the rest, that even God himself hearkened to him with attention! and at last said, rather severely, to the Angels, "Hold your tongues, ye calves! and let Juan Cabecca, chorister to the king of Spain, sing *my* praise."

THE UNEQUAL COMBATANTS.

An Epigram.

Mrs. Forty, who once kept at Chelt'nam the Spa,
And 'tis like enough now does the same:
One night, when at cards, her antagonist saw
That, by far, she'd the best of the game:
When a bye-stander asking him how stood the rub,
He reply'd in a pertinent pun—
"Twice twenty poor devils like me she can drub,
"For the odds are just FORTY to one."

BRUSH.

OCCASIONAL INOFFENSIVE MIRTH AN EXCITEMENT TO INDUSTRY.

Annual Subscription Jubilee, at Pinknies Green, near Maidenhead Thicket.

On Tuesday, the 6th of June, (being Whit-Tuesday) 1797, will be given by the surrounding inhabitants, for the promotion of holiday happiness amongst their rustic neighbours, the following prizes:

A set of variegated Wirtemberg Ribbons, to be played at Cricket for By any two Elevens of the neighbouring parishes; more than two sets offering are to draw lots for the

the preference, to be decided at a single innings, and the wickets to be pitched at eleven o'clock.

N. B. No *clerk* of a *pariſh*, or *grave-digger*, will be permitted to play, leſt an unintentional *ſolemnity* ſhould be annexed to the match.

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2. *A pair of Cookham-made* dancing *Pumps to be Jumped for, one hundred yards, in Sacks,*

The beſt of three heats. No man *under* four feet nine, or *over* ſix feet ſix, will be admitted.

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3. *A Holland Chemiſe, or linen convenience (vulgarly called a Smock) of large dimenſions, to be Run for,*

By Young Ladies (poetically depicted *Nymphs*) whoſe characters are unſullied, and perſons impregnable. To prevent diſputes, no *lady* will be permitted to ſtart who has ever been *detected* in an improper ſituation. The ſecond beſt will receive a pair of White Cotton Stockings, and the third a pair of Scarlet Garters.

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4. *A Poliſhed Beef-Steak Gridiron to be Grinned for*

By members of the Agriculturean Club, or Round-Frock Society. No pſalm-ſinger can be admitted a candidate without a written recommendation from the Churchwarden and Overſeers of the pariſh to which he belongs.

Laſtly. A Saddle, Bridle, and Whip, to be run for

By Aſſes, the beſt of three heats. The winner to receive the Saddle, the ſecond the Bridle, and the third the Whip.—To run according to the King's-Plate Articles; and that *croſſing* and *joſtling* may be the better avoided, no *party man*, or *political jockey*, will be permitted to ride.

N. B. This day being intended as an annual dedication to *friendſhip*, *mirth*, and good neighbourhood, it is heartily recommended to thoſe who are not diſpoſed to be *pleaſed* at the happineſs of *others*, to ſtay at home and endeavour to pleaſe *themſelves*. *Huſbands* who *wiſh* to be their *own* maſters for *one* day (and have any doubt upon the ſubject), are adviſed to leave their Wives at home to prevent even *a chance* of their own diſappointment. *Maids* who wiſh to be *Wives*, cannot do better than run for the *Smock*, as it will afford ample opportunity to demonſtrate their *ſtrength* and *pliability* when called into *action*. In addition, both ſexes and all ages are earneſtly entreated to be "*Merry and Wiſe.*"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FOX CHACE.

THE beginning of this month, the harriers belonging to A. Prattington, Eſq. of Ribbesford, near Bewdley, found a fox in Owney Coppice, near Newnham's Bridge, Worceſterſhire. He immediately croſſed the river Rea, and ran through the pariſhes of Knighton, Neen Sollers, Milſon, Coreley, Naſh, Boraſton, and Burford, leaving Tenbury a ſhort diſtance to the left; thence to the farther part of the pariſh of Greet, on the confines of the county of Hereford, within three miles of Ludlow; from whence he reverted by a widening and ran up through the

the pariſh of Hope Bagot, to Goſly Ruff adjoining the Clee Hill, where he was frequently viewed by the hounds, and with difficulty eſcaped. He then ſkirted the ſouth-weſt ſide of the hill, and returned, with ſome deviation, through each of the above-named pariſhes, to within a mile of the cover where he was found.—He again croſſed the Rea, ran through Gaudywood Park, and was taken alive at Marbrook, in the pariſh of Neen Sollers, after a chace of ſix hours, running more than fifty miles, and afforded a day's ſport ſcarcely ever equalled.

FOXES SUCKLED BY TWO BITCHES.

At Goodwood, the ſeat of the Duke of Richmond, five young *foxes* are ſuckled and nurtured by two bitches belonging to his Grace's pack of *fox-hounds!*

RATS SUCKLED BY CATS.

The following circumſtance is, however, ſtill more extraordinary, and may be depended upon as a fact.—A *cat* that had kittened in a barn at Horſe-Lunges Farm, near Lewes, on having her brood taken from her, went in purſuit of them, but, inſtead of her kittens, ſhe found ſome young *rats*, two of which, apparently not more than a day old, ſhe brought to the place from which her young had been taken, and there ſuckled and defended them with as much care and tenderneſs as if they had been her kittens. One of them lived only about two days; the other the cat reared till it was able to run about, when one of the workmen, unknown to his maſter, killed it, to prevent its eſcape.

THE ROBIN.

The robin has been long an occaſional viſitant in places of public worſhip, but we ſeldom hear of their chooſing churches for the purpoſe of rearing their young. The following little intereſting circumſtance may, however, be depended upon:—In the Abbey church of Bath, one of theſe birds lately formed her neſt, and the place ſhe fixed upon was at the bottom of one of the receſſes in which the Mayor's names are uſually placed; and there

"The harmleſs tenant of the hallowed dome"

depoſited two eggs; but which, on Good Friday laſt, were unwittingly cruſhed, by the City Serjeant placing the preponderous weight of his worſhip's glittering inſignia in the poor robin's ſacred depoſitory.

At Albourne Pariſh Church, Suſſex, a robin has built her neſt in the pew uſed by the clerk, immediately under the deſk of the clergyman. As the little red-breaſt at preſent ſits cloſely on her eggs, Moſes has kindly quitted his pew for her better accommodation, and that ſhe may not be diſturbed in her laudable endeavours to raiſe a ſet of truly muſical and fine-toned choriſters.

A robin's neſt was lately diſcovered, with five eggs, built in a pair of old leather breeches hanging over a clothes-line in the garret of a dairyman at Northmarſton, near Winſlow, Bucks.

DUELS.

On Friday evening, May 12, Captain Allen Cameron was brought before the sitting Magistrate at the Public Office, Bow-street, charged with sending a challenge to Ewen Cameron, Esq. of Guildford-street. It appeared that a law-suit is carrying on between the prisoner and the prosecutor's brother, and that the prisoner had repeatedly applied to the prosecutor for his interposition with his brother to stop proceedings, but which had been declined, and, at a late meeting, words arose, in consequence of which, last Friday morning, a gentleman called on the prosecutor, and requested to see him privately, which being complied with, he read a letter purporting to come from the prisoner, desiring him to meet the prisoner armed on Saturday morning to defend his honour and reputation. The prosecutor asked him if he was to consider it as a challenge? which was answered in the affirmative. While the examination was going on, the prosecutor discovered the gentleman in the office who had read the challenge to him, upon which he was taken into custody, and proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan John Cameron of the 138th regiment. The Magistrate said, he considered his crime equally great with the Captain's, and ordered them to find bail, themselves in 150l. each, and two sureties in 250l. each, which was, after some delay, complied with.

An affair of honour of a very extraordinary nature took place a short time since in the neighbourhood of Waterford, in Ireland: —a young Physician of that place having been grossly insulted, as he conceived, by two officers, he demanded satisfaction, and, in order to make short work of it, determined to fight them both at once: this challenge was accepted, and all three of them met the next morning, the Physician standing in a line between his adversaries, with a pistol in each hand, pointed to both of them; all the combatants fell on the first fire, the Physician was wounded in the breast, one of his opponents was shot through the knee, and the other in his right side; but they are all recovered.

Lieut. F—tz—ald of the marines, and Lieut. Sm—th of the 25th regiment, met lately to settle a quarrel which happened at the theatre in Dublin, a short time previous. —The first fire the balls took no effect, but Lieut. F's second fire wounded Lieut. S. in the side, on which the business was amicably adjusted.

A SPORTING NOBLEMAN MARRIED TO A CELEBRATED ACTRESS.

On Monday, May 2, was married bp special licence, at his house in Grosvenor-square, by the Rev. J. Hornby, Vicar of Winwick, Lancashire, the Right Hon. Earl of Derby, to Miss Farren, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, and late of Drury-lane Theatre.

The above lady was presented to her Majesty at the drawing-room on Thursday the 11th of May, and was very graciously received; she was introduced by Lady Cecilia Johnston, and accompanied by Mrs. Markham. The ceremonial, which naturally excited the curiosity of the courtly circle, was conducted, on the part of the Countess, with an elegance of demeanor, equally free from affectation and embarrassment. After the Queen had conversed

verſed with her ſome time, and retired, ſhe received the marked attention of the principal nobility, &c. preſent. She was ſimply dreſſed in a white Chamberry gauze, and white bugles, and her head ornamented only with a ſingle ſmall white feather and ſpray, and a narrow bandeau of white bugles on her hair, which was lightly powdered. The Counteſs went to St. James's in the plain family-coach, attended by two footmen in their uſual liveries; indeed the whole appearance was devoid of oſtentation or parade. The Earl of Derby himſelf appeared in—MOURNING!

It was univerſally allowed at the above Drawing-room, that no lady at Court *acted her part* better than the Counteſs of Derby; and it is but juſtice to add, that ſhe filled her new *character* with an eaſe and dignity every way becoming her rank.

Since the above introduction, Lady Derby of courſe, and in right, attended the Royal marriage and the Queen's ſubſequent Drawing-room.

DEATH OF A SPORTING BARONET.

Lately died, Sir John Webb, Bart. well known on the turf for his racing eſtabliſhment; he has left the bulk of his fortune to his *grand-child* by his daughter Lady Shafteſbury, but not a ſhilling of it is to be paid till the child is of age. He has not left a ſhilling to Lord Shafteſbury, and in general his property is very oddly diſpoſed of.

IMPOSTORS AND SWINDLERS.

On Thurſday evening, May 4, a perſon who aſſumed the name of Col. St. John, came in a hackney-coach to Nerot's Hotel, King-ſtreet, St. James's ſquare, pretending that he had juſt come to town, and ſaid, that as his chaiſe was coming through Iſlington it was robbed of a trunk, containing all the wearing-apparel he had brought with him from the country, and a number of letters from a lady of high diſtinction, with whom he had been particularly intimate, and which he was ſo anxious to recover, that he would give one hundred guineas to any perſon that would bring them, without aſking a ſingle queſtion, as the lady's reputation would be entirely ruined ſhould the letters be made public.—Mr. Nerot adviſed him to take the advice of Townſend, the Bow-ſtreet Officer, as to the moſt proper means of proceeding to regain them; but who, on being ſent for, diſcovered it was not Col. St. John; and, on hearing his ſtory, concluded the whole to be falſe, and he an errant impoſtor. At this interview, a very curious ſcene took place: Townſend, in his uſual knowing manner, ſaid, that he did not recollect him among the many perſons of *rank with whom he was acquainted*, and deſired to know whether he was related to the Bolingbroke family, or to the St. John's of Yorkſhire; he replied, to the former. After ſome further converſation they parted. Townſend, before he quitted the houſe, appriſed the maſter of it what a ſuſpicious gueſt he had. The ſame night Townſend ſaw him at the Maſquerade, and had ſome further converſation with him, but which only tended to ſtrengthen the ſuſpicion he entertained, which was confirmed the next day, by his being taken up on a warrant from the Police Office, Marlborough-ſtreet, for defrauding ſeveral ſhopkeepers of various articles, and for which he

was committed to Tothill-fields Bridewell, for further examination. His real name, it ſeems, is Cleaver.

Laſt Holt fair-day, one Thomas Betts, of Salthouſe, and Thomas King, of Barningham, were ſwindled out of fourteen guineas by two ſharpers, one of whom pretended he had found a pocket-book, containing a draft and notes to a conſiderable amount.

A poor man, named Lake, of Bale, who went to the above fair to buy a cow, was alſo cheated out of five guineas by the ſtale trick of chalking a letter under a pot.

LADIES FASHIONABLE RIDING-DRESSES.

The front hair combed plain; the ſides and hind hair in ringlets. Black beaver hat, with a gold band and taſſels; round blue oſtrich feather placed in the front of the hat. Riding-dreſs of blue cloth. Double plaiting of Valenciennes lace round the neck. Large gold hoop earrings. York tan gloves. Purple Spaniſh-leather ſhoes.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

A remarkable inſtance of the interpoſition of Divine Providence occurred about ſix months ſince:—Mr. James Burn, lately a hatter in the Country, but now of Weſtminſter, having buſineſs in the North, took Berwick on his way home, for the purpoſe of going round by ſea. He obtained a paſſage in one of the ſmacks bound to London, put his baggage on board, and alſo went on board himſelf; but on being acquainted by the maſter that they could not ſail for five or ſix hours, he took that opportunity to pay a viſit. When he came to his friend's door, in putting his foot to the ſcraper, he loſt his poiſe, and, falling, broke his leg ſhort off by the ancle. In the mean time a breeze ſprang up, and the ſmack ſailed, and after about ſix hours paſſage pitched and foundered, and all on board, except a little boy, periſhed; he, fortunately, was aloft, and was ſaved by a ſmack returning from Berwick.

ACCIDENT.

The following dreadful accident happened this month, at Towceſter. A boy about ten years of age, ſon of James Williams, of that place, having been ſent to take a horſe into the lanes to graze, thoughtleſsly tied the halter round his arm, in order to prevent the horſe from getting away from him; when the animal taking fright, as is ſuppoſed, the poor boy was dragged a conſiderable way along the road quite into the town, where he was taken up a moſt ſhocking ſpectacle, and expired immediately.

REMARKABLE CASE.

A remarkable caſe came before the faculty at the Norfolk and Norwich Hoſpital, a few days ago. A boy, between ten and eleven years of age (ſon of William Webb, of Shrimpling) was bit by a dog laſt harveſt; in January he was evidently unwell, but ſhowed no ſigns of canine madneſs: about ſeven weeks ſince he began to bark,

bark, and would frequently take both his food and drink after the manner of canine animals: he has his senses, except for very short intervals, which is previous to his barking, when he appears convulsed, and frequently drinks water, which proves beyond a doubt his complaint is not the hydrophobia. The report of the faculty is, that it is a strong nervous affection.

TAEATRICAL LEAP.

In the performance of "*No Song no Supper,*" on the night of Miss Wallis's benefit, Storace in leaping into the arms of Fawcett, who performed Robin, overpowered his centre of gravity so completely as to occasion a sort of *hugging roll* upon the stage. The House was so convulsed with laughter, and Storace herself so heartily joined in it, as to produce a suspension in the performance for several minutes.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

The following singular circumstance occurred at the Mayor's Office, in Brunswick-street, Liverpool, a few days since:—A woman applied to the Magistrates for a summons to enable her to recover wages, as a seaman, from a Captain of a ship; when it appeared that she had served in men's habits as a sailor in various situations, for a space of not less than ten years. She has been several times in the Royal Navy; was on board the Phaëton when she retook the famous St. Jago prize, and of course is entitled to her proportion of prize-money on that occasion. Having been recently impressed, and being weary, as it seems, of serving in the Navy, she thought proper to discover her sex.

GREAT NEWS FROM THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN!

A few days ago was married at Adgbaston-church, near Birmingham, after a long and tedious courtship of three weeks, Mr. James Deakin, aged 66, guard to the Royal Mail-coach between Birmingham and Shrewsbury, from its first starting, to Miss Elizabeth Pickfort, of Shiffnall, aged 16, which is said to be his *fourth* wife within these *four* years.

TROTTING MATCH.

One day this month a trotting match, three miles for 100gs. was performed on the Church-Stretton-road, between Mr. Evason's, of Henchmarsh, mare Intrepid, and Mr. Woofe's, of Cardington, mare Peggy-O! which was won by the former.

ORIGIN OF DRINKING HEALTHS.

In this country was pertinent and sensible Rowena, a beautiful daughter of Hengistus, General of the Saxons, who having the Isle of Thanet given him by King Vortigern, for assisting him against the Picts and Scots, obtained as much ground as he could encompass with an ox's hide, to build a castle, which being completed, he invited Vortigern to supper: after the entertainment, Hengistus called for his daughter Rowena, who entered with great dignity and magnificence, carrying a golden bowl full of

of wine in her hand, out of which ſhe drank, and in the Saxon language ſaid, "Be of health, Lord King." To this Vortigern replid—"Drink health."

This is the firſt health which we hear of in hiſtory, and boaſts an antiquity of "thirteen hundred years."

The ſtory adds, that the King Vortigern, enamoured with Rowena's beauty, married her in a ſhort time after, and gave her father the whole kingdom of Kent.

ANECDOTE OF MR. GARRICK.

About forty years ago, a young lady, beautiful, and of an independent fortune, happened to ſee Garrick for the firſt time in the character of Romeo. She was ſo charmed with his appearance, that ſhe wrote to him the next day, expreſſing a deſire to be perſonally acquainted with him, and appointing an interview the day following. Unluckily Mr. Garrick was that evening to perform Scrub in the Beaux Stratagem. The lady haſtened with impatience to the Theatre, but was ſo diſguſted with the apparent alteration in the man ſhe before deſired as her lover, that immediately after the play, ſhe wrote to him again, forbidding him ever to be ſeen in her preſence, for that ſhe would have no connexion with one, who, like Proteus, could appear in ſo many different ſhapes, and all to the life.

CHEATING.

A very intereſting and remarkable Court of Enquiry has lately been held at the Horſe Guards, by order of his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, to inveſtigate ſome charges brought by Captain Hankey againſt Cornet W. Moore, of the 3d Dragoon Guards, for having cheated him of nearly 1500 guineas. After a very long hearing, the Board was of opinion,

"That Captain Hankey had been cheated, and that Cornet Wm. Moore, of the third or Prince of Wales's Regiment of Dragoon Guards, was the principal agent in the buſineſs."

His Majeſty, to whom this deciſion was ſubmitted, after having himſelf read over the proceedings, ſtruck Mr. Moore out of the Army.

The Court conſiſted of Lieut. Gen. Gwyn, Preſident; Colonel Neſbitt, 52d regiment; Col. Calvert, Coldſtream Regiment of Guards; Col. Hewgill, Coldſtream Regiment of Guards; and Colonel Childers, 15th Light Dragoons.

DRAGOON HORSES.

A circular letter has been ſent to the Commanders of Dragoon regiments by the Secretary at War, on the ſubject of many diſputes ariſing between the Landlords of inns and the Serjeants, whoſe duty it is to attend to ſee the horſes well provided with hay and ſtraw. The regulations to be obſerved are:—

1ſt. The quantity to be ſupplied by the Innkeeper for each Dragoon-horſe, per diem, ſhall be eighteen pounds of good hay, ſo long as the preſent ration of corn is allowed by Government, and ſix pounds of good ſtraw.

2dly. The deliveries ſhall be either for one day, or for a certain number of days at one time, according as the Commanding Officer ſhall approve; and they ſhall be made at ſuch hours, and in the preſence of ſuch deſcription of Officers,

Officers, or Non-commiſſioned Officers, as he ſhall appoint.

3dly. The articles, after being weighed out, ſhall be depoſited in ſtore-rooms, of which the troops ſhall have the keys; and to which no other perſon ſhall have acceſs without their concurrence.

4thly. Separate ſtables, into which no horſes beſides thoſe of the Dragoons are to be put, ſhall be aſſigned wherever it is practicable.

CRICKET MATCH.

On Friday, May 19, and the following day, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, on Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between eight Noblemen and three Players on each ſide, for Five Hundred Guineas. This Match was made between Earl Winchelſea and the Hon. Colonel Lenox.

Hon. Colonel Lenox.

FIRST INNINGS.

Hon. Col. Bligh	30	c. Hon. J. Tufton
Boxall	4	c. Ray
Lord Dalkeith	5	b. Lord
Lord F. Beauclerk	32	leg before wicket
G. Louch, Eſq.	1	b. Lord
Captain Lambert	2	c. Sylveſter
Grayham	0	b. Lord
—— Gibbon, Eſq.	1	run out
Hon. Col. Lenox	22	b. Lord
Capt. Coderington	10	not out
—— Buller, Eſq.	0	c. Ray
Byes	0	
	107	

SECOND INNINGS.

Hon. Col. Bligh	13	b. Sylveſter
Boxall	0	run out
Lord Dalkeith	4	b. Lord
Lord F. Beauclerk	17	c. Hon. A. P. Upton
G. Louch, Eſq.	2	b. Sylveſter
Capt. Lambert	0	ſt. Hon. H. Tufton
Grayham	4	c. Hon. J. Tufton
—— Gibbon, Eſq.	3	run out
Hon. Col. Lenox	2	b. Lord
Capt. Coderington	3	not out
—— Buller, Eſq.	0	b. Lord
Byes	1	
	49	

Earl Winchelſea.

FIRST INNINGS.

Hon. A. P. Tufton	5	run out
T. Walſter	125	c. Hon. Col. Bligh
Hon. J. Tufton	1	b. Boxall
Hon. H. Tufton	8	c. Ld. Fred. Beauclerk
Earl Winchelſea	0	c. Grayham
Lord	20	c. Boxall
Sir H. Marten	0	run out
Col. Onſlow	5	b. Boxall
Ray	53	c. Hon. Col. Bligh
Sylveſter	17	not out
White	3	run out
Byes	3	
	250	

Earl Winchelſea won by one innings, and ninety-four runs.

ELOPEMENT.

On Monday night, May 15, Lieutenant Stawell, of the Chatham Diviſion of Marines, recruiting at Trowbridge, Wilts, eloped with Miſs Steel, daughter of the late Mr. Steel, clothier, of Hilpeton; Mr. Stawell took her from the back window of an apartment in her mother's dwelling-houſe, and immediately went for Gretna-green in a chaiſe and four.

A Sky-lark, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Adams, at the Carpenter's Arms, Lambeth, has completed his Twentieth year; and, what is more remarkable, ſings as well as ever, to the no ſmall gratification of many perſons, whoſe curioſity has led them to ſee this venerable ſongſter! The preſent poſſeſſor has had him nineteen years.

LAW REPORT ON THE GAME LAWS.

Court of King's Bench, May 14.

BETTS, *qui tam.* *v.* CAMPBELL.

THE Plaintiff belonged to the profession of the law till he was struck off the Roll. The Defendant keeps the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent-Garden.

This action was brought for a violation of one of the Game-Laws, to recover a penalty of 5l. for exhibiting two hares and a pheasant in his area. This fact was proved by John Watts, formerly a midshipman, and by Richard Cox, both of whom were sent by Betts to the Shakespeare to look at the hares and the pheasant, that they might be able to swear to them. They said it was impossible to enter the house without perceiving them.

Lord Kenyon disapproved very much of this action, and said, if the Jury believed the evidence of the two witnesses, it would be their duty to find a verdict for one penalty of 5l. If they did not believe the evidence, they would find a verdict for the Defendant.—Verdict for the Defendant.

MORE THEATRICALS.

Drury-Lane.

SATURDAY night, May 13, a new Masque, in honour of the approaching Royal Nuptials, called the *Fairy Festival*, was performed for the first time. It is a trifle, from its magnificence, well calculated to please the eye; and the music and dancing, with which it is interspersed, render the whole a very entertaining bagatelle. The dresses are exceedingly pretty, and the scenery, which includes a fine transparent medallion of the Prince of Wirtemberg and his amiable Princess Elect, is at once interesting and grand.—It went off to the entire satisfaction of a crowded and brilliant audience.—The Duke and Duchess of York were in one of the private boxes on the King's side.

THE WANDERING JEW, A FARCE.

Drury-Lane.

Monday night, May 15, a new Farce, called the *Wandering Jew*, or *Love's Masquerade*, was performed, for the first time. The author, who we understand to be Mr. Franklin, a gentleman of no mean pretensions to literary fame, has in every scene proved himself to be possessed of an infinite fund of wit and humour, which, in general, he has applied with equal force and effect. The dialogue is neat and sprightly; and the incidents, although highly farcical, are exceedingly pleasant, and irresistibly laughable. The Farce takes its title from the character of a young adventurer, who, failing in other expedients, assumes the garb of the Wandering Jew, attended by a brother fortune-hunter, dressed in a similar habit. The latter, who is an Irishman, gives some very curious descriptions of the exploits in their days of Julius Cæsar, and other remote periods, blended with modern occurrences. This is a very excellent idea; but a part of the audience, the first night, appeared to misconceive the meaning of the author. The piece was announced for a second representation with a few dissenting voices.

On

On the ſecond night, the Farce was curtailed, and deſervedly well received. There is little doubt but that it will prove an univerſal and everlaſting favourite of the public.

PORTRAIT OF MR. ROBERT JONES.

IN our laſt Month's Magazine, we promiſed an Engraving of the Portait of Mr. Robert Jones, the ſucceſsful Farrier of the Curtain Road, Finſbury-ſquare. That promiſe we now fulfil; and if there be any thing to add to our former obſervations, it will be merely to ſay, that Mr. Jones's eſtabliſhment is of the moſt reſpectable kind. His ſuperior judgment in difficult caſes as a farrier is, as well as in the ordinary courſe of his buſineſs, unqueſtionably admitted, and his ſucceſs hath not fallen ſhort of his ability. Independent of his buſineſs of ſhoeing, and his practice in the diſeaſes of ſporting and nag horſes, Mr. Jones is likewiſe Farrier at Mr. Whitbread's brewery, in Chiſwell-ſtreet, where a number of the fineſt horſes in the kingdom of the cart kind are kept, and which may be ſeen in all parts of the metropolis in the drays of their opulent owner.

Of a perſon living and in buſineſs, all biographical eulogiums muſt be diſpenſed with; hence it will be only neceſſary for us to recommend Mr. Jones to our readers as an eminent and ſkilful practical farrier. The engraving will do no diſcredit to Mr. Scott; indeed an indifferent artiſt would be unfit to exerciſe the graffic art from any performance by Mr. Marſhall, who we underſtand painted the original picture from which the print is taken.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE *relating to* KING CHARLES *the* FIRST, *and a* MR. SHUTE.

MR. Richard Shute was a Turkey Merchant, and one of the City Members, a true lover of his King and Country, and much favoured by King Charles the Firſt, who gave him the name of *Satin Shute* (by way of diſtinction from another branch of the ſame name and family, and from his uſually wearing a ſatin doublet cut upon white taffety). He was certainly very nice in the faſhion of the age, as his ſervant was for ſome hours every morning ſtarching his band and curling his whiſkers; during theſe operations, a gentleman, whom he had entertained as a companion, always read to him in ſome uſeful ſubject.

Mr. Shute lived above forty years in one houſe in Leadenhall-ſtreet: he had alſo a country-ſeat at Barking, in Eſſex, which, though near London, ſeemed to be formed for the habitation of a ſolitary. It ſtruck off from the road through a long walk of elms, the branches of which almoſt met at the top: the building was a very ancient one; it had been the caſtle of a Baron during the wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, but the ſituation was perfectly pleaſant. In a court-yard before the houſe, there was a large baſon, with a fountain; behind it, there was a flower-garden walled in, and planted with the choiceſt fruit-trees. On one ſide of the garden was a vineyard, in the French ſtyle; on the other, an orchard, which contained four hundred fruit-trees, planted after an uncommon but regular manner, forming ſeveral

several covered walks, which as they were kept neatly gravelled and rolled, had a very pleasing appearance. At the bottom of the flower-garden was a spacious hall, paved with white marble, and over it, supported by pillars of the same, a summer house, curiously painted with scripture histories, and four windows opening to the four points of the compass. On the other side of this delicious bower, was a pond well stored with fish; at some distance from which was a small grove of venerable oaks, whose tops towered to the clouds.

From this spot Mr. Shute cleared away all the trees, those excepted which surrounded it, and made it into a bowling-green: one of the prettiest, perhaps, as well as one of the most convenient of the kind. As he greatly delighted in bowling, and as he had a soul truly liberal, he kept up the old English hospitality, so that he never wanted visitors, nor did they fail to circulate the beauties which they admired. The King being soon acquainted with the beauties of Mr. Shute's villa, and being also fond of his favourite diversion, told him, when he came next to court, that he would take a country dinner with him the day following, and try his skill on the new green. Mr. Shute received his Majesty's proposal with the highest satisfaction, and made the best preparations for the entertainment of his royal guest, which the shortness of the time would admit of.

The King was so well pleased with the place, Mr. Shute's skill, (he was reckoned one of the best bowlers in England) and his own entertainment, that when he had a mind to drop state, as he called it, and enjoy himself as a private man, he would frequently retire to Barking Hill, and pass whole days in Shute's company, not as a sovereign with his guards, but as a friend with three or four select gentlemen, his attendants. "Ah, Shute," said he one day, with a deep sigh, "how much happier than I art thou in this blessed retirement, free from the cares of a crown, a factious ministry, and rebellious subjects!"

They generally played high, and punctually paid their losings; and though Mr. Shute often won, yet the King would at one time set higher than usual. Having lost several games however, he withdrew. "One thousand pounds rubbers more, if your Majesty pleases," said Mr. Shute, "perhaps luck may turn." "No, Shute," replied the King, "thou hast won the day, and much good may it do thee; but I must remember I have a wife and children."

A short Essay *on* Puppyism.

THERE are puppies who have no canine appetites, who drink more than they eat, and sleep more than they live. There are puppies from the ducal coronet down to the shoe-black; puppies of every complexion, size, stature, and denomination. There are puppies in crape as well as in ermine; tie-wigs as well as crops. Puppies are cherished by the ladies, who consider them as innocent animals, and treat them as lap-dogs; they are admitted to female toilets, and are looked upon so insignificant, that they are not noticed. A hair-dresser is an animal of superior merit, a dentist is a king, and dancing-master an emperor, compared to a dangling puppy.

In the Senate, a puppy may be distinguished by the choice of hard words without any meaning, constantly

ſtantly ſpeaking to every queſtion without underſtanding it; addreſſing the chair without any addreſs; joining the treaſury-bench, and dividing with the majority right or wrong.

In the pulpit, the ſtroking a white hand and admiring it with a ring in the middle of a ſermon, a ſimpering ogle, and affected liſp, and a circling gaze for admiration, particularly from the ladies, all denote the clerical puppy.

At the Bar, an affected pronunciation, and lugging in *my lud* and *autority*, without any ſort of authority, brow-beating witneſſes, whoſe ignorance and embarraſſment prevent them from acquitting themſelves with propriety, aſking improper queſtions, and ſtraining the meaning of anſwers, all argue the puppy.

In Medicine, a glaring chariot, a large wig, a pedantic ſelection of technical phraſes, a dogmatic deciſion, an evaſive replication, determine the faculty puppy.

From this ſpecimen, the reader will be enabled to form ſome idea of *puppyiſm* in moſt ſituations; he will eaſily trace the puppy fop, the puppy ſportſman, the puppy critic, the puppy connoiſſeur, the puppy poet, and even the puppy writer.

That I may not be claſſed under the laſt, I ſhall here terminate this eſſay, by declaring myſelf a ſworn foe to puppyiſm in every claſs and ſtation of life.

LADIES OF THE PHARO-TABLE.

THE faſhionable Ladies convicted of playing at unlawful games are, we believe, doomed to perpetual perſecution and reproach; beſides Lord Kenyon, the magiſtrate Conant, and the newspaper ſcribblers, they are at laſt attacked and cenſured by the ſarcaſtic Mr. Anthony Paſquin, who in a Note in his pamphlet, called "*A Looking-glaſs for the Royal Family*," thus ſpeaks of the Ladies in queſtion:—

Public Gaming-Tables.

"However faſhion may differ on the propriety of exacting from elevated rank the morals which the laws impoſe on lower ſociety, yet an exterior reſpect is due to thoſe laws by the very faſhion that breaks them. Mr. Burke, the moſt poliſhed advocate for immorality that the modern world has ſeen, ſays, that "Vice loſt half its evil by loſing all its groſſneſs;" and we ſhould imagine that thoſe who are dead to indecorum would at leaſt be guided by diſcretion. We are drawn to this obſervation from the conduct of a Counteſs; the ſiſter of a Ducheſs; the ſiſter of a Legiſlator, and another rantipole woman of quality; who, before the Magiſtrates of Marlborough-ſtreet, on a charge by their diſcarded ſervants of keeping a gaming-table, made uſe of *ſubterfuges* that would have debaſed a ſolicitor at the Old-Bailey. The law is, or ought to be, a noble profeſſion; and theſe Right Honourable Sporting Ladies were ill adviſed to believe that they could ſo openly juggle with the laws and its adminiſtrators, as well as with public example. They have now made it a queſtion of national intereſt; and every man who regards the peace of ſociety is provoked. If a magiſtrate of ſpirit is to be aſſailed in the diſcharge of his duty by ſuch contemptuous reaſoning, and ſuch inſinuations as were made uſe of on that baneful occaſion, every moral being muſt rally round the Magiſtrates, and turn that

which was a mere matter of decency into a question of constitution.

"One information was quashed because an *i* was wanting in the name! It was very creditable to the person, that she got of by an *iota!*

"An alibi was set up for another! She was not committing the *offence* at one house, because on that particular night she was *practising* at another!

"It likewise appeared in evidence, that there was frequently an interchange of hard names, and very coarse language, among those *Ladies of Distinction*, in consequence of a suspicion of *cheating*; and that on one luckless night, some of the vile host of *Pharo* carried off the Countess's box, containing the whole bank of the establishment, amounting to five hundred guineas! Oh shame, where is thy blush?

"We cannot dismiss this infamous statement without observing, that had the information been given against persons of less local power, familiarly transgressing, that their houses would have probably been forcibly broken into, and the offenders taken into custody and eventually sent to hard labour in Bridewell; and why the law should bear so severely upon the poor, and so tenderly upon the rich, is an event which we have not the ability to reconcile. The time will arrive, when all these ruinous distinctions will be wholly done away, and Vice and Virtue have each their alienable basis."

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

BY the late arrivals from India, we received a large packet of the Calcutta and Madras Newspapers: from one of these we extract the following account of the sufferings and extraordinary escape of some gentlemen from Bombay, engaged in discoveries.

On the 29th of June, 1795, discovered an Island, from on board the ship Shaw Hormazier, of Calcutta, then in company with the Chesterfield, in latitude 9, 28, S. and 146, 57, E. long. by good observation. This new-discovered land was called Tate's Island, in honour of Mr. Tate, of Bombay.

On the first of July, the ships anchored in nine fathom water, twelve miles to the eastward of Tate's Island, when they sent a boat from each ship, to sound two reefs of rocks, extending to the Northward, from the North point of the Island to the Southward, from the South point.

The natives made signs to the seamen to come ashore; but the day being then far advanced, and not having a sufficient quantity of arms and ammunition in case they were attacked, they thought it most prudent to make the best of their way back to the ships.

When the natives saw they were about to return, many of them leaped into the water, and swam after the boats; while others of them launched two or three canoes, and soon came up with them!—they then bartered bows, arrows, and spears, for small penknives, beads, &c.—some of the natives went also afterwards, on board the ships, and traded there in the same articles. They are a stout, well-made people, woolly-headed, and in stature resemble the description given of the new Guineas, as well as in complexion: they appeared to be a humane and hospitable people, from their behaviour while on board. After they had left the Hormazier, it was perceived that they had stolen a hatchet, and several small articles.

On

On the 2d of July, they manned one boat from the two ſhips, and ſent her on ſhore, to ſee if there was any water to be had; and alſo, for a party to go up to the higheſt point of land, to ſee how far the reefs extended; and if there were any iſlands to the weſtward; as the ſhips were then looking out for Foreſt's Streights.

Mr. Shaw, Chief Officer of the Cheſterfield, was appointed on this duty; Captain Hill, of the New South Wales Corps; Mr. Carter, Purſer of the Hormazier; and Mr. Haſkett, paſſenger, accompanied him, in order to make ſome obſervations on the ſoil, produce and inhabitants, of this new-diſcovered iſland. The natives received them very kindly, and conducted the boat to a convenient place for landing: after they had gone aſhore, and diſtributed ſome preſents among the natives, which they appeared to be very much pleaſed with, it was propoſed, that Meſſrs. Shaw, Carter, and Haſkett, ſhould proceed to the top of a high point of land, and that Captain Hill ſhould ſtay by the boat with the four ſeamen. They accordingly armed themſelves, with a muſket each, and a ſufficient quantity of powder and ball, to begin their journey, properly accoutred. There were by this time great numbers of the natives, men, women, and children, aſſembled round them; the men and children quite naked, and the women with no other covering than a leaf over ſuch parts as nature had taught them to conceal.

The gentlemen now made ſigns to go up the hill, for ſome water; they were conducted near a mile up, and ſome cocoa nuts were given them, of which they drank. They then proceeded farther up the hill, againſt the inclinations of the natives; and were followed by them in great numbers, hallooing and hooting. At the top of the hill, they had an opportunity of taking the view, which was the object of their journey; they ſaw the reefs extending as far as the eye could reach; but no land to the weſtward of the iſland, except a large ſand-bank, nearly even with the water's edge, and not far from the iſland. At the ſame time, they alſo perceived a great number of the natives round the boat, who, they ſuppoſed, were trading with Captain Hill; when they had made their obſervations, they began to deſcend; and by degrees the natives contrived to ſeparate the three gentlemen, at eight or ten yards from each other, inſinuating themſelves between them in the path, which was but narrow. Mr. Haſkett perceived boys of about 14 or 15 years old lurking in the buſhes as they paſſed, with bundles of ſpears and arrows: he informed Mr. Carter of it, who was the foremoſt in the path, and aſked if he ſaw them? who anſwered in the affirmative.

Mr. Shaw begged the other gentlemen to be on their guard, and Mr. Haſkett propoſed to Mr. Carter, to turn all the natives before them, as he could plainly perceive they were bent on murdering them. They had got down the hill, the greateſt part of the way in this manner, when they were met by a very old man, who kiſſed Mr. Carter's hand firſt, and then attempted to kiſs Mr. Haſkett's, but was not permitted; he then went on and kiſſed Mr. Shaw's, who was in the rear. Immediately after, Mr. S. called out, "They want to take my muſket from me," and Mr. Carter exclaimed, "My God! my God! they have murdered me!"—Mr. Haſkett diſcharged his muſket at the next man to him: and on the report of it, the natives all fled into the buſhes.

Here was a horrid ſpectacle for

Mr. Haſkett to behold! Mr. Carter lying on the ground, in a gore of blood; and Mr. Shaw with a large cut in his throat, under the left jaw; but luckily they were both able to riſe, and proceed down the hill, with all poſſible ſpeed, firing at the natives, whereever they ſaw them. When they arrived on the beach, they found Captain Hill and one of the ſeamen dead, cut and mangled in a ſhocking manner, and the other two floating on the water with their throats cut; they however made a ſhift to get on board, and found every thing was taken away. They then with great difficulty hoiſted a ſail which the natives had left, and got out of their reach. Mr. Haſkett bound up the wounds of his unfortunate comrades with their handkerchiefs; but Mr. Carter was ſo weak from the loſs of blood, that he was obliged to lay down in the bottom of the boat. They ſaw very diſtinctly thoſe voracious cannibals, dragging the bodies of Captain Hill and the ſeamen up towards large fires, prepared on the occaſion, yelling and howling at the ſame time.

After having cleared the point of land, they hauled up under the lee of the ſand-bank; they ſaw from the top of the hill, they were carried far to leeward of the ſtation in which they left the ſhips. In ſhort, after ſome time ſpent in a ſituation beyond deſcription horrid, they were picked up, and the wounded gentlemen miraculouſly recovered.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDWARD BRIGHT.

AS the corpulency of the Prince of Wirtemberg, has rendered perſons of his magnitude ſubjects of converſation, we here inſert an authentic ſtatement, extracted from the Burial Regiſter of All Saints, in the Borough Town of Maldon.

EXTRACT.

"Bright, Edward, a Tallow-chandler and Grocer of this town, was buried the 12th of November, 1750, in the pariſh-church of All Saints, near the belfrey-door. He weighed upward of *forty-two ſtone, horſeman's weight*; his coffin was three feet ſix inches over the ſhoulders, ſix feet ſeven inches long, and three feet deep. A way was cut through the ſtair-caſe to let it down into the ſhop; it was drawn upon a carriage to the church, ſlid upon rollers to the vault made of brick-work, and interred by the help of a triangle and pullies. He was 29 years of age the 1ſt of March laſt, has left a widow now big with her ſixth child. He was a very honeſt tradeſman, a facetious companion, comely in his perſon, affable in his temper, a kind huſband, a tender father, and valuable friend."

CRANBOURN LODGE.

CRANBOURN Lodge, in Windſor Foreſt, the Reſidence of the Lord Warden, is about to be pulled down, by order of his Majeſty: from the elevated and romantic ſituation, ſome ruins are to be erected on the ſcite, which will form a grand and ſtriking object to the ſurrounding country; ſome part of the foreſt, in the vicinity of Cranbourn, is to be incloſed, which, with the preſent incloſures, are to be converted into a farm, under the management of his Majeſty.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY CALLED
THE WILL.

Written by T. TAYLOR, *Eſq.*

Spoken by Mr. R. PALMER.

NO new offender ventures here to-night:
Our preſent Culprit is a well-known wight
Who, ſince his errors with ſuch eaſe obtain
A pardon, has preſum'd to ſin again.
We own his faults; but, ere the cauſe proceed,
Something in mitigation let us plead.
If he was found on Faſhion's broad highway,
There Vice and Folly were his only prey;
Nor had he in his perilous career
E'er put a ſingle paſſenger in fear;
All his unſkill'd attempts were ſoon o'erthrown,
And the raſh youth expos'd himſelf alone.

Let us the objects he attack'd review—
Unhurt they all their wonted courſe purſue.
" * Bards ſtill to Bards, as waves to waves ſucceed,
" And moſt we find are of the †*Vapid* breed;
" A truth, perchance, 'tis needleſs to declare,
" For ah! to night, a luckleſs proof may glare."
Still Lawyers ſtrain their throats with venal fury,
Brow-beat an Evidence, or blind a Jury.
Still the High Gameſter and obedient Mate
Veil deep-laid ſchemes in hoſpitable ſtate;
Pharo, though routed, ſtill may Juſtice dare,
Fine a few pounds, and many a thouſand ſhare.
Still can our *Bloods of Faſhion*, arm in arm,
March ſix a-breaſt, and meaner folks alarm;
Still ſaunter through Pall-Mall with callous eaſe,
And joſtle worth and beauty as they pleaſe;
Still drunk in Theatres, with ſavage ire,
Bid ſenſe and decency abaſh'd retire;
Or, more to dignify ſuperior life,
Cheat their beſt friend of money and of wife.
If ſuch the age, in vain may Satire toil,
And her weak ſhafts muſt on herſelf recoil.

As ſome may wonder why our Author's found
Poaching for prey on this unuſual ground—
Why thus his old and fav'rite haunt forſake,
Familiar to each ſecret dell and brake;
The ſimple truth at once we fairly own—
His ſubtleſt toils were in that covert known;
The buſhes he had beaten o'er and o'er
For ſome new quarry, but could ſtart no more:
Hence he reſolv'd a vain purſuit to yield,
And abler ſportſmen left to range the field.
Beſides, ſo many lenient trials paſt,
Well might he fear to ſuffer there at laſt.
At length to this dread Court he truſts his fate,
Where mighty Critics ſit in ſolemn ſtate;
But, ſure that candour will aſſert her claim,
He ſcorns to ſculk beneath a borrow'd name:
And ſince no bad intention ſway'd his mind,
Whate'er the deed, it muſt indulgence find;
Nor ſhould a rigid ſentence drive him hence,
For *here*, at leaſt, it is his *firſt offence.*

* The lines marked thus " were not ſpoken.
† Vide *The Dramatiſt.*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

Written by M. P. Andrews, *Esq.*

Spoken by Mrs. Jordan.

THE World's a Stage—and Man has Seven Ages;
So Shakespeare writes*—King of Dramatic Sages;
But he forgot to tell you in his plan,
That Woman plays her part as well as Man.
First, how her infant heart with triumph swells,
When the red coral shakes its silver bells!
She, like young Statesmen, as the rattle rings,
Leaps at the sound, and struts in leading-strings.

Next, little Miss, in pin-a-fore so trim,
With nurse so noisy—with mama so prim—
Eager to tell you all she's taught to utter—
Lisps as she grasps th' allotted bread and butter;
Type of her sex—who, though no longer young,
Hold every thing with ease, except their tongue.

A School-girl then—She curls her hair in papers,
And mimics Father's gout, and Mother's vapours;
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows:
" Betty!" she cries, " it comes into my " head,
" Old maids grow cross because their cats " are dead;
" My Governess has been in such a fuss
" About the death of our old tabby puss—
" She wears black stockings—Ha! ha!— " What a pother,
" 'Cause one old cat's in mourning for " another!"
The *Child of Nature*—free from pride and pomp,
And sure to please, though nothing but a *Romp!*

Next riper Miss, who, nature more disclosing,
Now finds some traits of art are interposing;
And with blue laughing eyes behind her fan,
First acts her part—with that great actor, Man!

Behold her now an ogling, vain Coquette,
Catching male gudgeons in her silver'd net!
All things revers'd—the neck, cropt close and bare,
Scarce feels th'incumbrance of a single hair;
Whilst the thick forehead tresses, frizzled full,
Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull.—

Then comes that sober character—a Wife,
With all the dear, distracting cares of life;
A thousand cards, a thousand joys extend,
For what may not upon a card depend?
Though Justice in the morn claim fifty pounds,
Five hundred won at night may heal the wounds!—
Now she'll snatch half a glance at Opera, Ball,
A meteor trac'd by none, though seen by all;
Till Spousy finds, while anxious to immure her,
A *Patent Coffin* only can secure her!

At last, the Dowager—in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles, this age denounces—
And thus she moralises—
[*Speaks like an old woman.*]
" How bold and forward each young flirt appears!
" Courtship, in my time, lasted seven years—
" Now seven little months suffice of course,
" For courting, marrying, scolding, and divorce!
" What with their truss'd-up shapes and pantaloons,
" Dress occupies the whole of honey-moons:
" They say we have no souls—but what more odd is,
" Nor men, nor women now, have any bodies!
" When I was young—my heart was always tender,
" And would, to every spouse I had, surrender;
" Their wishes to refuse I never durst—
" And my fourth died as happy as my first."

Truce to such splenetic and rash designs,
And let us mingle candour with our lines.
In all the stages of domestic life,
As child, as sister, parent, friend, and wife,
Woman, the source of every fond employ,
Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.
What is your boast, male rulers of the land?
How cold and cheerless all you can command!

Vain

* The idea of this Parody on the Seven Ages of Shakespeare was suggested to Mr. Reynolds by his friend Mr. Rogers (Author of The Pleasures of Memory), and the lines in Italics were furnished by him.

Vain your ambition—vain your wealth and power,
Unlefs kind woman fhare your raptur'd hour;
Unlefs, 'midft all the glare of pageant art,
She adds her fmile, and triumphs in your heart.

GREAT FOLKS MAY HOLD THEIR HEADS TOO HIGH.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC TALE.

As a leffon to thofe who look down with contempt
Upon folks of inferior degree;
And to teach them, that none from Fate's frowns are exempt,
Nor from Fortune's upfettings are free:

Two young roguifh chimney-fweeps not long ago,
As they brawl'd for employ through the ftreet,
With a poor fhabby prig, who belong'd to a fhow,
In St. Giles's once happen'd to meet:

When they cry'd, "Smoke the quiz, with his long knuckle dabs,
And his coat as threadbare as a fack;
And his ruffety fhoes, like the fhells of two crabs,
And with fcarce half a fhirt to his back!

Hip! You Mr. Scaramouch—Scarecrow we mean,
Though fuch fine things you boaft to exhibit;
You had better turn tradefman, like us, than be feen
In fuch dudds, as if dropt from a gibbet!"

When their mafter thus gravely their mock'ry decry'd,
Saying—"Peace, you two bantering elves!
Though you're tradefmen at prefent—to pull down your pride,
You may come to be fhowmen yourfelves!"

BRUSH.

A SPORTSMAN's VERSES ON HIS MISTRESS.

All good like the Woodcock—a Miftrefs I boaft;
Like the Snipe fhe will make a moft excellent toaft;
Like the Quail fhe's compact, and as fmooth as a Partridge
That never was ruffled by the found of a cartridge;
Like a well-fatted Landrail fhe's gentle and pleafant,
And in external ornament fhines like the Pheafant;
Like the Hare and the Rabbit fhe's prudent and fhy,
But fometimes like them is found out by her eye.
What more need be faid? I muft take her to houfe,
For her hands are as foft as the feet of a Groufe.

An OLD COCK of the GAME.

1ft April.

ON THE LATE ELOPEMENT OF LADY C— S—R, WITH THE REV. MR. N—S.

Mr. N—s is a man of fome note,
Then why at his cloth take offence, Sir?
If no one would be in his coat,
We all of us wifh for his *Spencer*.

EPITAPH,

ON A RETIRED ADJUTANT.

Here lies honeft Tom, who could drink and wench hard:
He once drill'd the Oxford as Adjutant T———d.
To ftand ftill as Death he could make every elf;
Now filent as Death he lies *grounded* himfelf.
And here muft he reft till the laft *roll* is giv'n,
When each man muft ftand to be *mufter'd* by Heav'n.
Of little importance, Stars, Garters, and Strings,
Since fubjects may rife to be greater than Kings;
Since George, whofe delight is to combat the French hard,
Muft anfwer the *roll call* with Adjutant T———d.

CYPHER.

On

On Lord Brome, *a Member of Parliament, requesting leave of absence on particular* PRIVATE *business, just after he was married.*

FROM the Senate Lord B—— wishes shortly to roam,
And the Senate grants leave to the wishes of B——,
Having business *delectably urgent* at home!

ALCEUS's REASONS FOR DRINKING.

IT is related of Alceus the Poet, that from every season of the year he derived arguments to give a warrantable title to his intemperance.

The Spring, he said, required liberal drinking, in sign of joy, for the renovation of nature; the Summer, to temper the heat, and refresh our thirst. It was due to Autumn, which was dedicated to the vintage; and Winter required it, to expel the cold that would congeal the blood and spirits.

Let us suppose him thus addressing the different seasons:

In measure, tho' not Lyric verse,
The Poet's maxims we'll rehearse.

Spring renews the vernal hours,
Smiling meads are crown'd with flowers;
Prolific dew from Heaven descends,
And pleasure all our steps attends;
Nature's vigour cheers the soul,
Then grateful let us quaff the bowl.

Summer comes with parching heat,
Fever's throbbing pulses beat;
Blood inflam'd, to thirst inclines,
And seeks the aid of gen'rous wines.
To Summer, then, the goblet raise,
And pour libations to her praise.

Autumn, with her vintage crown'd,
Spreads her purple clusters round.
Grateful mortals, now she cries,
Taste the bounty Heaven supplies;
Autumn gives the sparkling juice;
Let not man disdain its use.

Winter, wrapt in sable cloud,
Rends the air with tempests loud;
Threat'ning storms pervade the skies,
Chilling vapours round him rise;
To chace the spleen his rigours give,
Bid the cheerful banquet live.

SONNET, BY T. R.

DEAR Sam, who the camp and the pulpit have tried,
You ask me what system of life I should choose:—
To manage my own little farm is my pride,
And to lounge where I like in my dirty old shoes.
In a patron's chill vestibule why should I freeze,
Why dance up and down at the smiles of the great;
When to warm my own hearth I can clip my own trees,
And pursue my own game on my own small estate?
Who would angle for meals that can catch his own fish!
As the honey unbought what dessert half so sweet?
Give me eggs of my own in a clean wooden dish,
And my hind's lusty daughter to cook up the treat.
While for health I can plough, and for exercise dig,
May the wretch who dislikes me my system forbear;
May he veil his grey locks in an Alderman's wig,
Grow gouty while Sheriff, and die when he's Mayor!

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

[*An Epigram, by the late Mr. Bishop.*]

ONCE, in a barn, the strolling wardrobe's List,
Had but one ruffle left for Hamlet's wrist:—
Necessity, which has no law, they say,
Could, with one ruffle, but one arm display.
"What's to be done?"—the Hero said, and sigh'd.—
"Shift hands each scene,"—a brother Buskin cry'd:
"Now in the pocket keep the left from sight,
"Whilst o'er your breast you spread the ruffled right:
"Now in your robe the naked right repose,
"Whilst down your left the dingy cambric flows.
"Thus, though half-skill'd, as well as half-array'd,
"You'll make one change—which Garrick never made."